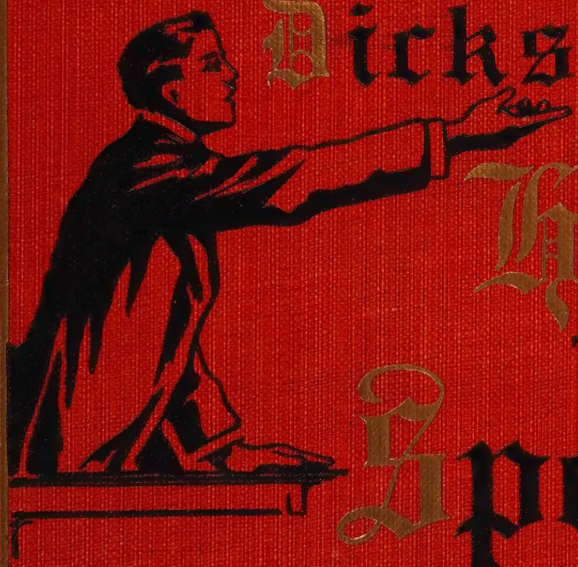

Dickson's How to Speak in Public

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY
CHICAGO

The Federated Church
202 Center Street
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Dickson's How to Speak In Public

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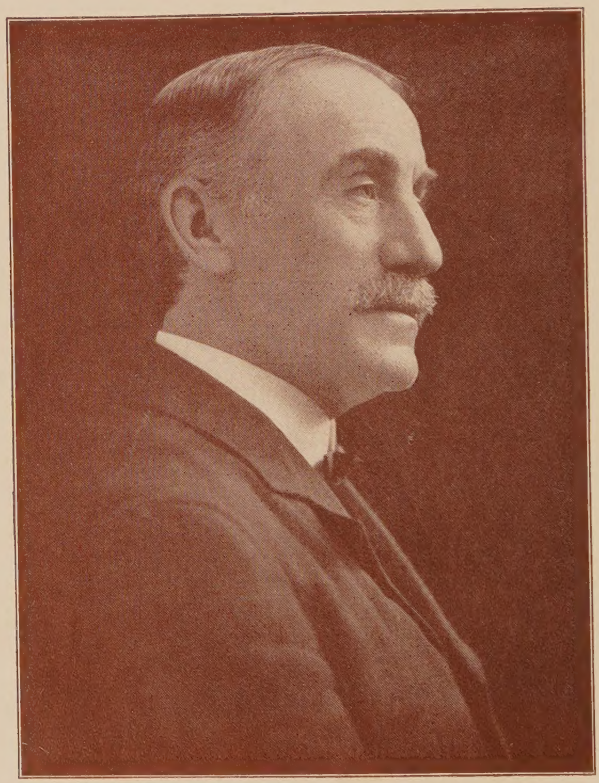

Henry Dickson

Founder and Principal Dickson School of Memory
Former Instructor in Public Speaking Chicago University
University of Notre Dame, Union College of Law, etc.

Dickson's
How to Speak in Public

Introduction by Elbert Hubbard

Appendix

"Self-Improvement Through Public Speaking"

AND

"If You Can Talk Well"

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Lecture on Memory delivered by Henry Dickson before the Metaphysical Society

Over One Thousand Topics for Orations, Speeches, Essays, Etc. Also Model Questions for Debate, Preparation of Programs. :: :: :: ::

SIXTH EDITION

CHICAGO
DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY
Auditorium Building

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CHICAGO

Introduction

Elbert Hubbard

ORATORY supplies the most sublime gratification which the gods have to give. To subdue the audience and blend mind with mind affords an intoxication beyond the ambrosia of Elysium.

When Sophocles pictured the god Mercury seizing upon the fairest daughter of earth and carrying her away through the realms of space, he had in mind the power of the orator, which through love lifts up humanity and sways men by a burst of feeling that brooks no resistance. Oratory is the child of democracy: it pleads for the weak, for the many against the few, and no great speech was ever yet given save in behalf of mankind. The orator feels their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their desires, their aspirations, their sufferings, their pains. They may have wandered far, but his arms are opened wide for their return. Here alone does soul respond to soul. And it is love, alone, that fuses feeling so that all are of one mind and mood. Oratory is an exercise of power.

Henry Dickson, founder and principal of the DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, is the author of a new book on oratory which is of interest to every man who wishes to understand the joy of this exercise of power.

The name of Professor Dickson's book is "How to Speak in Public." It contains valuable instruction by this famous memory expert. Professor Dickson has done his work well, and has shown a charming insight into the heart of his subject.

The book is divided into chapters, which makes it easy to use, as you can turn to the subject which concerns you most, quickly.

LOOK to this Day, for it is Life—the very Life of Life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence: the bliss of Growth, the glory of Action, the splendor of Beauty. For yesterday is already a dream and to-morrow is only a vision; but to-day, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every to-morrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this Day. Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

Sanskrit

PREFACE

This book is designed to give practical instruction in the art of speaking before an audience. Nearly every person is called upon occasionally to say a few words in public, and one who has had training welcomes the opportunity. For those who have not had the necessary training this book has been prepared. It provides a wealth of material, together with instructions and suggestions that will enable the speaker to do justice to himself and to any occasion.

Usually the call to speak comes unexpectedly, with but little, if any, chance for preparation. Besides, busy men and women have no time for courses in elocution, oratory, etc. The demand, therefore, is for something which can be put to immediate, practical use; and this has been regarded as the essential requirement throughout the preparation of this volume.

A reliable memory is one of the most necessary attributes of the speaker. The best results from the study of this book will be obtained only by those who have taken up and completed the Dickson Course in Memory Training.

In four parts and an appendix, information and practical illustrations are given concerning The Preliminary Steps, Methods of Great Orators, Peroration, Closing and Climax, How to gain the Confidence of an Audience, the Value of Repetition and Suggestion, How to make Speeches that will be Effective, How to make yourself Heard, Debating, etc.

Part IV consists of Masterpieces of Oratory, and a number of choice Poems and Prose Selections by different authors in a wide diversity of style.

The volume also contains a large number of Shakespearean and other quotations that are especially adapted for use in speeches and addresses, also numerous short sketches, toasts, ready-made speechlets, anecdotes, happy beginnings, etc.

A novel feature is a list of over one thousand *Topics* for orations, lectures, addresses, etc., embodying a great variety of subjects of general and special interest from every field of human endeavor. Model Questions for Debates, and useful hints on the preparation of Programs are also provided.

Special attention is called to Dr. Orison Swett Marden's "Self-Improvement Through Public Speaking" and "If You can talk Well". Professor Henry Dickson's discourse on "Memory" delivered before the Metaphysical Society, at the Auditorium, Chicago, and in a number of other places, also incorporated in this volume, will be found of much value and interest to the student.

The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Elbert Hubbard for the introduction and selections from his writings, to Dr. Orison Swett Marden, to Mr. Wm. Burgess ("The Bible and Shakespeare"), Mr. Edwin Markham ("The Immortality of Song"), Mr. Elmer E. Rogers ("How to Make Speeches That Will Have Effect"), Professor J. W. Churchill ("How to be Heard When Speaking in Public"), Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, ("Public Speaking and Debating in American Colleges"; and "Highways of Literature").

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PART ONE

it, Humor, Climaxes & Methods

of Great Orators and Lecturers

PART I

CHAPTER I

Preliminary Steps

THE prospective public speaker should memorize and recite the beginnings, climaxes and endings of great orations until they become thoroughly familiar. He will be encouraged to note how certain sentences, phrases and words may be used many times, being combined a little differently in each speech. Demosthenes as well as other famous Greek orators followed the same practice. Demosthenes had a book containing fifty or more stock perorations, climaxes, beginnings, endings, anecdotes, illustrations and form paragraphs which he used repeatedly throughout even his greatest orations, though often with suitable variations. The same general plan is admirably adapted to the modern speaker. A familiarity with the principles of public speaking should not be left to clergymen, lawyers, statesmen, professors, lecturers and politicians only, since every one may be sure that sometime it will be greatly to his advantage to be able to speak distinctly, to the purpose, gracefully, and with genuine fire.

Those engaged in different trades, professions and departments of commerce have organizations for the pro-

tection and promotion of their respective vocations, and practically these associations have become debating societies, reaching conclusions and forming rules which cannot be ignored by those whose business interests are involved. The doctor is often summoned to testify in court, perhaps he is associated with the faculty of some medical college, where he is called upon to lecture. The business man is frequently placed upon educational committees; the farmer called upon at agricultural meetings; the employee to explain business affairs to his employer; in fact, there is no position in life that cannot be benefitted and advanced by a knowledge of public speaking. An excellent exercise is that of paraphrasing, translating written thought into one's own words as rapidly as possible. This can be applied to popular poems and public speeches. It can be done orally and with as much vigor and variety of voice utterance as the subject would naturally suggest.

Paraphrasing has stood the test of time and its regular practice will do more to increase mental activity than any other exercise. It is an aid to clear expression, improves the phraseology and increases the vocabulary, and fluency in speaking can be acquired in no better way.

To paraphrase an idea is to express the same meaning in different words. It was Lincoln's favorite method, as the student will note in Chapter II.

While reading aloud, for every adjective, noun and adverb that occurs, substitute a synonym as explained in Dickson Method of Memory Training, Part Seven. Read aloud a sentence, close the book and write the sentence as remembered. When the mind fails in

recollection do not have recourse to the book, but substitute an equivalent for the word or phrase forgotten, taking care to make sense of the passage as a whole; the effort of the brain to recall the last word, and in the event of a failure to do so the substitution of an equivalent constitutes the exercise.

Acquire the habit of listening critically to the best speakers, noting the words particularly when the climax is reached and the speaker's emotions are deeply stirred; afterward try to reproduce the speech in your own words.

CHAPTER II.

Wit, Humor, Pathos, Climaxes and Methods of Great Orators and Lecturers

THE following account of successful speakers should be carefully studied. Every speech, however short, should contain, beside the introductory, a short story illustrating the subject, the climax or summing up, and the close.

It has been well said that an anecdote, if well told, will prove more interesting and potential than the most eloquent utterance or the most elaborate argument. Large audiences have frequently been convulsed with laughter or bowed down with grief by its mighty influence. They are also rich treasures to the man of the world who knows how to introduce them in fit places in conversation. No speech is complete either at a public gathering, at the banquet table, social session, or even small home gathering, without an appropriate story.

Henry Ward Beecher, though dead, still lives in the heart of humanity. He was a mighty power in the land, and his work was a living work, and its results can never be known until the books of heaven are balanced. While he never cared to be called a humorist, his wit and humor were as keen as his logic. When a humor-

ous idea presented itself, he seized upon it at once to illustrate his thoughts and frequently changed the tears of his audience instantly to laughter.

"Humor," said Beecher, "is everywhere. Humor is truth. Even John Bunyan was a humorist. It was humor when Bunyan made Christian meet one 'Atheist' trudging along with his back to the Celestial City.

"'Where are you going?' asked the Atheist, laughing at Christian.

"'To the Celestial City,' replied Christian, his face all aglow with the heavenly light.

"'You fool!' said Atheist, laughing, as he trudged on into the darkness. 'I've been hunting for that place for twenty years and have seen nothing of it yet. Plainly it does not exist.'

"Heaven was behind him," said Beecher, seriously.

He never betrayed fear or grew angry even when his audience jeered and hurled all kinds of epithets at him, and when, at times, it looked as if he were going to be stoned or trampled to death. He quietly remarked: "I do not blame them, for they know not what they do."

Before an audience, inimical and prepared to hiss, Mr. Beecher won one of the greatest triumphs of his life. He pulled off his overcoat, and, without even a look of anger, threw it aside. Throwing back his long, snow-white locks, revealing a high forehead and a frank, determined face, he walked upon the platform. The chairman coldly said: "Mr. Beecher, ladies and gentlemen." The orator stepped to the front of the platform and began his speech in a clear, ringing voice that instantly hushed the suppressed murmur and jeers. From

that time until he closed the great audience was with him. Such flights of oratory, bursts of eloquence and keen, irresistible humor I never heard from his lips before. Tears, laughter and round after round of applause greeted him, and when he ceased the audience remained, as if it could not depart. The peroration that the great orator delivered brought the people to their feet. He walked behind the scene and picked up his overcoat. The audience would not go, but lingered to catch a glimpse of him. Throwing down his overcoat, he stepped into the auditorium. Women and men shook him by the hand; some wanted to touch his garments, if nothing else, and for an hour he talked to them socially, and they reluctantly parted from him.

Upon one occasion Andrew Carnegie introduced Miss Ingersoll, daughter of the great orator and Atheist, to Mr. Beecher, saying: "This is the daughter of Colonel Ingersoll; she has just heard you speak. This is the first sermon she has ever heard, and the first church she has ever attended."

Mr. Beecher's arms were outstretched at once, and grasping hers, he said, as he looked into her fair face: "Well, you are the most beautiful heathen I ever saw. How is your father? He and I have spoken from the same platform for a good cause, and wasn't it lucky for me I was on the same side with him? Remember me to him."

The youthful speaker must not be afraid of grammatical errors. A stenographer once proposed to Henry Ward Beecher that he be allowed extra pay for reporting Mr. Beecher's sermons in consideration of correct-

ing the grammatical errors. "And how many errors did you find in this discourse of mine?" asked the great preacher. "Just two hundred and sixteen." "Young man," said Mr. Beecher solemnly, "when the English language gets in my way it doesn't stand a chance." It is a fact that Mr. Beecher in impassioned speech uttered many unparsable expressions, and this is the case with nearly every great orator who speaks in any way extemporaneously. So the amateur orator need not despair.

Of Ingersoll a writer says: "Ingersoll was the John the Baptist of Agnosticism—an eloquent voice crying in the wilderness. In writing about the eloquence and humor of the century, you could no more leave out Ingersoll than the scientists could leave out Huxley, Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Even Gladstone, who stood on the pinnacle of England's intelligence, had to come out and measure swords with the witty Agnostic. We may all differ from Ingersoll's theology, but we must love him for being the Apostle of Freedom—'freedom for man, woman and child.'

"Ingersoll was one of the most charming conversers of his age, and his house was constantly filled with the brainiest people of the city. There he sat evening after evening, in the bosom of his family, charming with his wit and wisdom his delighted guests.

"The comparisons of the great orator were so mirth-provoking that you broke into laughter while you were being convinced.

"One night, when Ingersoll was telling what the Republican party had done—how it had freed eight million

slaves and saved the republic—he was interrupted by Daniel Voorhees, who said: 'Oh, bury the past, Colonel; talk about to-day. We Democrats are not always boasting of the past.'

"'I will tell you,' said Ingersoll, 'why the Democratic party wants us to bury the past. Now why should we do so? If the Democratic party had a glorious past, it would not wish to forget it. If it were not for the Republican party there would be no United States now on the map of the world. The Democratic party wishes to make a bargain with us to say nothing about the past and nothing about character. It reminds me of the contract that the rooster proposed to make with the horse: Let us agree not to step on each other's feet.'"

Ingersoll paid this tribute to Henry Ward Beecher: "As in the leafless woods some tree, aflame with life, stands like a rapt poet in the heedless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow men. All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all the winged and happy children of the air that Summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him. He loved the yellow Autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy homes of men, the orchard's bending bows, the sumach's flags of flame, the maples with transfigured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wondrous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth. He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow—all forms of frost—the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest, desolate and stript, the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of Spring."

In another part of this book will be found several of Ingersoll's famous addresses.

Chauncey Depew, in his prime, was one of the best after dinner and extemporaneous speakers of his age. The following, "On the Blarney Stone," is taken from one of his most popular lectures:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We started in the morning to drive to Blarney Castle and kiss its famous stone. We passed a stone cottage about thirty feet long and one story high, with a thatched roof. The floor was of earth, and the single room divided so that the cow and pig could be sheltered in the other half. The Irishman's pig is a sacred thing. I said to it's rosy-faced owner: 'I say, Pat, don't you think it is unhealthful to have your pig in the house with your children?'

"'An' why should oi not, sor? Sure the pig has never been sick a day in his life.'"

The late Mark Twain had a world-wide reputation not only as a lecturer but humorist as well. His quaint humor was apparent at all times. On one occasion there was a long religious discussion on eternal life and future punishment for the wicked. Mark Twain, who was present, took no part in the discussion. A lady finally asked him his opinion. "What do you think, Mr. Twain, about the existence of a heaven or hell?" "I do not want to express an opinion," said Mark, gravely. "It is policy for me to remain silent. I have friends in both places."

Methods of Great Orators

A writer has described his appearance during the delivery of one of his quaint after-dinner speeches:

"He arose slowly and stood, half stooping over the table. Both hands were on the table, palms to the front. There was a look of intense earnestness about his eyes. It seemed that the weight of an empire was upon his shoulders. His sharp eyes looked out from under his shaggy eyebrows, moving from one guest to another, as a lawyer scans his jury in a death trial. Then he commenced, very slowly:

"'Our children—yours—and—mine. They seem like little things to talk about—our children—but little things often make up the sum of human life—that's a good sentence. I repeat it, little things often produce great things. Now, to illustrate, take Sir Isaac Newton—I presume some of you have heard of Mr. Newton. Well, once when Sir Isaac Newton—a mere lad—got over into the man's apple orchard—I don't know what he was doing there—[laughter]—I didn't come all the way from Hartford to q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n Mr. Newton's honesty—but when he was there—in the man's orchard—he saw an apple fall and he was a-t-t-racted towards it [laughter] and that led to the discovery—not of Mr. Newton—[laughter]—but of the great law of *attraction* and gravitation.'"

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is not only a writer of national fame, but also a well-known orator. He declined a Senatorial toga in 1883, saying: "I will stay where I am. Office is not for me. Beginning in slavery to end in poverty. It is odious to my sense of freedom."

Watterson opposed the war for secession at first, but when Tennessee voted for disunion he went back to her and entered the Confederate service.

At the close of the war a Union officer met the brilliant young Kentuckian. They were both radicals. Each had fire in his eye. The Yankee general eyed Watterson a moment, and then hissed out: "How do you Rebels feel now, since you've been whipped by the Yankees?" "Feel a good deal like Lazarus licked by the dogs!" replied the fiery Watterson.

Mr. Watterson's love for Lincoln was natural. Lincoln was born in Kentucky and Nancy Hanks' old cabin still stands in the hills south of Louisville. The old rail fence, the rails split by Lincoln, are still on the old farm covered by clematis and morning-glories. Lincoln was a rugged politician and Watterson is a polished journalist, but the great journalist loved the homely Lincoln. He can not stay his polished pen when it writes about his great Kentuckian, and he can not hold his silver tongue when it praises the great American.

"Speaking of Lincoln's wit," said Watterson one day; "the argument he used with Douglas at Knoxville College in 1860 was superb. It was wit and wisdom boiled down."

"I can see Lincoln now," continued Watterson. "He looked Douglas in the eye, saying: 'This tariff, Judge Douglas, should be logical—just tariff enough—just tariff enough, so that we can make these things at home without lowering our wages. In fact, Mr. Douglas,' continued Lincoln, 'this tariff should be a good deal like a man's legs—just long enough!'

"Douglas had little short legs reaching Lincoln's coat-tail, and, turning to Lincoln, he said: 'Now, Mr. Lincoln, you are a little indefinite. How long should a man's legs be?'

" 'A man's legs, Mr. Douglas,' said Lincoln, with mock gravity, 'should be just long enough to reach—from—his—body—to—the—ground——no surplus, no D-E-F-I-C-I-T!' "

Mr. Watterson has a rugged face and a rugged voice. Although he is generally anecdotal and analytical, he has climaxes of eloquent oratory. He clings to the belief, expressed years ago, that Lincoln was a man inspired of God.

A well known orator, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln before the war, was asked how he acquired such a remarkable control of language. He replied: "When I was a boy over in Indiana, all the local politicians used to come to our cabin to discuss politics with my father. I used to sit by and listen to them. After they were gone I would go up to my room in my attic and walk up and down till I made out just what they meant, and then I would lie awake for hours putting their ideas into words so that the boys around our way could understand."

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas

A WRITER has said: "I heard Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. The one six feet and four inches in height, the other hardly five feet four. The one awkward to the verge of grotesqueness, the other as dignified as Daniel Webster; Lincoln with a high pitched voice, Douglas with a basso profundo; Lincoln abounding in transitions, weirdly fascinating by his strange figure, postures and gestures, Douglas rarely departing from a dignified oratorical manner. Yet it was the declaration of arguments. He used no ornaments, was not verbose, was easily understood, possessed immense power of assertion, perfect coherence in argument, and wore the aspect of deep seriousness and sense of responsibility. He appeared to advantage in private life and was always ready to converse upon his principles and plans.

Douglas' skill and power were attained by a careful study of great orations of the early days of the republic and British Parliament. When a judge of the Supreme Court he familiarized himself with decisions important for clearness of statement and strength of argument, and when he first took his seat in Congress he listened critically to the orators. He had the habit of invariably reflecting upon his own speeches after delivery, to ascertain by what means he succeeded, or to note why he failed or might have made a deeper impression.

Abraham Lincoln, with limited opportunities, disciplined and informed his mind while his body was strengthening and elongating, until intellectually and physically he was head and shoulders above his companions. His powers were developed by private arguments and off-hand speeches. Not, however, until he canvassed the State as a candidate for the Senate of the United States, with Stephen A. Douglas as his opponent, did his fame spread throughout the land. It was in his speech accepting his nomination that he spoke the following words, perhaps the most comprehensive, the most conservative, yet the most agitating ever uttered in the United States:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but, I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

Roosevelt the Orator

"Think of a sledge-hammer, a steam-roller, a slow-moving, stone-walling batsman;" then, "think of a combination of all three," and you have some idea of Mr. Roosevelt's oratory, says "One Who Has Heard Him," in the London Daily Mail. An orator must first of all make himself heard. Nobody ever found fault with Mr. Roosevelt on this score, we are told.

He speaks slowly and very clearly. Every word, every syllable even, is sep-ar-ate and dis-tinct. His one gesture is tremendous. He raises his right arm. He holds it threateningly above his head. It trembles with emphasis. It grips the hearers tight. They watch it as one watches a thunder-cloud ready to burst or a great tree about to fall. Then with a piston-like movement he brings it down. The clenched right fist thuds into the left palm. His point is rammed home. The tension is relaxed.

Then, for a change—oratory mus. be well varied—Mr. Roosevelt will turn to humor. His features, which have been almost convulsed with strenuousness, relax and grow mild. His teeth are no longer terrible. A smile—almost a grin—broadens out his cheeks and jaws. His eyes gleam with enjoyment. Up goes his voice—up, up, into a falsetto. The audience lean forward not to miss the joke. The point comes on the high G. In the perfect stillness even a whisper could be heard. It is almost in a whisper that he ends. Then, as a roar of laughter checks him, he stands triumphant, smiling benevolently, watching the effect that he has made.

His humor, which is always announced by the falsetto, is large and hearty, never ill-natured, never very subtle. It consists largely of dressing up familiar maxims in some quaint and arresting form of words.

Those who only read Mr. Roosevelt's speeches can not understand their spell. "He says nothing which is not familiar," they complain. "What is the secret which compels audiences to listen to him and to come away loud in his praise.?" The secret is personality,

which really means vitality, abounding, overflowing life and vigor, setting in motion a current of energy which it is impossible to resist. Mr. Roosevelt is a hypnotist. He "puts the 'fluence" on every one who comes into touch with him. He makes an ordinary remark with such force of emphasis that you are carried away. "What a profound thought!" you murmur. "Why has that never occurred to me before?" Yet upon reflection you cannot for the life of you explain where the profundity came in.

The following is the introduction to his address delivered at Lincoln's birth-place on Feb. 12, 1909:

"We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life."

The speaker then traced the likeness in the character of the two greatest of our public men—Washington and Lincoln—stating that though they differed widely in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render.

The following is the summing-up and ending of the address:

"He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln."

Methods of Great Orators

Wendell Phillips was known in his day as the silver-tongued orator and was a master of invective. At Faneuil Hall, Boston, the people began to shout "Phillips! Phillips!" Very soon he was addressing the audience and endeavored to conciliate and pacify his hearers.

"In all cases where great peril existed to citizens," he said, "it was the duty of the government to protect them." No sooner had he finished the sentence than a number of men began to hiss.

The great orator paused a moment, and then an inspired wrath took hold of him, his great eyes gleamed, and in a blast of irony he exclaimed:

"Truth thrown into the cauldron of hell would make a noise like that."

Wendell Phillips referred to Sargent S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, as the most eloquent of all the southern orators. Prentiss possessed a memory of boundless capacity. His achievements were all the more extraordinary when it is remembered that he is pitifully lame and his gait peculiarly ungraceful. His own judgment was that he owed more to the practice of debate than to any other form of discipline, and in a letter to his brother he said: "Let me particularly recommend you to cultivate the faculty of debating; of expressing your own ideas in the best and most effective manner. There are thousands of men in the United States who exceed Henry Clay in information on all subjects, but his superiority consists in the

power and adroitness with which he brings his information to bear. This faculty of expression can be attained best in debating societies."

Gladstone was the people's orator; he stood for the people and could never fawn upon royalty. His voice has been described as round, rolling and rich, monotonous indeed, but so dignified that it is forgotten in the intellectual action that the voice revealed. It rises gradually and you are not aware that the thunder is going to roar until you find yourself in the center of the storm. He was the great advocate of Home Rule and stood above when all others deserted him. In one of his speeches he said:

"If the leaders withdraw, then the people will lead the way. That is an American idea. No aristocracy can really understand the people. I don't blame the aristocrats, they were born so. They are reared to believe that the land is theirs, whereas it is given to all mankind."

In reply to his opponents he used the following anecdote:

"The Liberal Unionists are a curious kind of inexpressible middle quantity. Are they repenting? I will answer by an anecdote. An American lady, in retrenching expenses in the household, conceived the notion of beginning the operation by making that part of her little boy's garments which is known in some parts of America by the euphonious and pleasant name of pants. She made them alike before and behind, and some relative of the lady asked how she succeeded. The lady said

'Very nicely; but they are so made that at a short distance off I can't tell whether Johnnie is coming home or going away.' Some relative of the lady must have made the political pants of the Liberal Unionists."

Patrick Henry, one of the world's greatest orators, never wrote a line of his speeches. His early education was most limited. At sixteen he left school and prepared himself for a lawyer by reading and studying human nature while conversing with those who frequented the store where he was clerking. After practicing law for a few years with some success he leaped into fame by a single speech in which his eloquence was magical.

His speech in the first Continental Congress won for him the position of the foremost orator in the western world. In that Congress he overthrew a plan of reconcilation between the mother country and the colonies which would have left them in the relation to each other that later was established between England and Canada. He was the only man who in debate opposed the scheme advocated by many of the foremost members. His eloquence was felt equally by the learned and unlearned. According to Thomas Jefferson he possessed practical fame, sublime imagination and an overwhelming diction. He was also declared a Shakespeare and Garrick combined. His personal appearance was unfavorable. He never had a lesson in oratory, and yet stands before the world as a speaker who wrought as overwhelming effects as were attributed to Demosthenes. He owed his success to practice in conversation and public speaking and courage to meet a crisis, and his influence was greatly enhanced by his high christian character and spotless reputation.

CHAPTER III.

Securing the Confidence of the Audience

THE BEGINNING

THE first thing for the public speaker to do is to gain the confidence and sympathy of his audience. Under no circumstances is he to antagonize or prejudice his audience against him in the beginning. There are many methods available for public speakers by means of which his audience may be made suggestible and uncritical and accept almost any conclusion which is presented to them.

A favorite method is to begin by telling a humorous story bearing upon the subject, or an apt quotation. Let the story be fairly well told and it will not fail to capture an audience. The introduction if rightly prepared and given will do much to win an audience at the very beginning and secure to the speaker sympathetic attention and confidence. A careful study of the following introductions, many of them taken from oratorical masterpieces, will reveal the practice of successful speakers.

There are some speakers who by their presence beget confidence, and others lack this power, and are never able to acquire it. The following introductions of some of the great orators reveal a studied attempt on the part of the speaker to win the confidence of his audience before the address is revealed.

Methods of Great Orators

William Jennings Bryan, in the following introduction to one of his most famous speeches, secures the confidence of his audience at the very beginning and dissipates all suspicion:

"I would be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentleman to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to you to speak in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

In like manner Mark Antony banished suspicion and secured the confidence of the Roman populace:

"I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you yourself do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,"
etc.

Daniel Webster's deliberative oration, "In Reply to Hayne," begins with this beautiful allusion: "When the

mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course."

The orator then applies the illustration to the debate upon which he has entered.

Henry W. Grady began his great after-dinner oration on "The New South" by making a quotation:

"'There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom —that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.' These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night."

Judge Jeremiah S. Black prefaced his forensic oration on "The Right to Trial by Jury" with these words:

"May it please your Honors: I am not afraid that you will underrate the importance of this case. It concerns the rights of the whole people. Such questions have generally been settled by arms. But since the beginning of the world no battle has ever been lost or won upon which the liberties of a nation were so distinctly staked as they are upon the results of this argument. The pen that writes the judgment of the court will be mightier for good or for evil than any sword that ever was wielded by mortal man."

A popular speaker has said: "Never show annoyance before an audience. Preachers have lost their pulpits, lawyers their cases, and lecturers their second invitation in consequence of speaking unadvisedly. 'Little boy,' said the preacher, 'if you don't stop see-sawing your head I'll come down there and cut it off.' He wished one minute after, and has wished all his life since, that he had allowed the youngster to see-saw to his head's content. Better that the boy should kill the sermon than the preacher should kill himself. The teeth of one lecturer were set on edge by the interruptions of an inebriated hearer, and the audience applauded the lecturer. But the lecturer, not content with his victory, alluded again and still again to the interruption long after it had ceased, and the audience turned against the lecturer, who was finally hissed. Never put yourself in the wrong with an audience. It has every advantage of you. It has many heads to your one. Keep your audience on your side in every case of speaker *vs.* some one hearer. This is where the speaker needs self-restraint and tact."

CHAPTER IV.

The Peroration: The Climax: The Closing

THE closing of the speech, brief though it be, furnishes an opportunity for the most effective oratory. As final impressions remain longest in the mind, the climax should consist of a summary of the main points, an emphasis of the central truth, an appeal to the emotions, a call to action. The following beginning and climax of Wendell Phillips in his popular lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture is an excellent example for pupils to copy:

"I have been requested to offer you a sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, the great Toussaint L'Ouverture. My sketch is at once a biography and an argument—a biography of a negro statesman and soldier, and an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprang.

"If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture,

who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle."

The following summing up, the climax, the closing of the great oration, has seldom been surpassed, and will serve as a splendid model for all speakers:

"I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

"You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUISSAINT L'OUVERTURE."

Senator Thurston's great oration, a "Plea for Cuba," was delivered in the United States Senate on March 24, 1898. Mrs. Thurston died in Cuba. As a dying request

she urged her husband, who was investigating affairs in the island, to do his utmost to induce the United States to intervene. Hence this oration.

In the following climax and peroration of this eloquent plea the speaker's voice rang out like a battle-cry, emphasizing the one word "Force" in every possible way:

"Mr. President, there is only one action possible; that is, intervention for the independence of Cuba. But we cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

"Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastile and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line of Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song—

'In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.'

"Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay; but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God."

The following is the climax and closing of Watterson's great oration on Abraham Lincoln:

"I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, reveals the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart except his own untutored mind; no compass except his own undisciplined will; no light save light from heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions of life, of love, of religion,

sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided.

"And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered 'the last full measure of his devotion,' the flag of his country wrapped about him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself, how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in that doctrine can regard him as anything else."

Then tenderly the great orator finished his work of love. While many in the audience were in tears and the rest hushed to silence, his great voice turned to pathos, he portrayed the martyred Lincoln's translation back to God:

"Born—as—lowly—as—the—son of God, in a hovel," he said slowly; "of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death."

CHAPTER V.

The Value of Repetition and Suggestion

MR. DOOLEY expressed the value of repetition and suggestion when he wrote: "I belave annything at all, if ye only tell it to me often enough."

In public speaking and conversation there are many ideas which must be repeated over and over again before they obtain the proper maximum effect.

This has already been illustrated in the climax of Senator Thurston's oration, "A Plea for Cuba," where the repetition of the word "force" added greatly to the emphasis of the idea.

Of this character is Webster's celebrated sentence, the climax of his great speech on "American Institutions."

"Our government can stand trial, it can stand assault, it can stand adversity, it can stand persecutions, it can stand everything but the weakness of our own strength, it can stand everything but disorganization, disunion and nullification."

The reiteration of the same word gives strength and consistency to the above sentence, and the word "stand" repeated again and again, comes at last to be like the blows of a hammer, riveting attention to the subject.

The following letter written by General Putnam to Sir Henry Clinton in 1777, is a wonderful example of terseness and repetition:

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.

The last paragraph of the first inaugural of President Lincoln, wherein is concentrated faith, hope, love and charity for all, expressive of the great heart of the greatest of Americans, will fitly close this chapter.

It was the fourth of March, 1861. The South was already arrayed in arms against the government. Though saddened and depressed by the situation of brother arrayed against brother, Lincoln never faltered or relaxed his faith in the ultimate triumph of right and union, and closing in the following prophetic words that have no equal in our literature:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

CHAPTER VI.

How to Make Speeches That Will Have Effect

By Elmer E. Rogers, Member of the Chicago Bar

THE general public is quite wrong in its estimate of the requirements for a career in successful oratory. On the discovery of oratorical talent, or having decided to make an orator of yourself, commence excavating for a good foundation. I endorse elocutionary training. The most eminent orators and actors stimulate their emotional nature by daily drill in vocal exercises. A good practice is the repeating of the alphabet and its various sounds in different tones, pitch and force. Constant practice clears and strengthens the vocal powers, as observed in newsboys, train callers and auctioneers. Disguise yourself and be a newsboy for a few days. Great actors and orators drill days and weeks on single words and sentences. The voice is susceptible of achieving marvelous results. In the voice is much of the orator's power.

Gesture the Universal Language

Gesture is the only universal language; combined with the language of countenance, it is understood by the entire world, for it is the language of nature. Prepare a few sentences with appropriate gestures. To thrill an

audience you must arrange sentences and accompanying gestures so that both at the same time shall reach the climax in your eloquence.

On stepping to the front of the platform have a full breath as you greet your audience; surely never meet it with all your batteries run out. Physical attitude induces psychic conditions; and being a sort of dynamic battery, a strong, vigorous appearance is a valuable asset in the successful orator. You are to exercise strong will power and to keep in electrical sympathy with your audience.

Some Speakers' "Don'ts and Dos"

Do not forget that public speaking is good conversation; don't yell, and, therefore, talk over the heads of your auditors; do not talk at them, but to them. When practicable, a good idea is to scan the faces of your hearers, beginning at the front on your left and proceeding from left to right, back and forth, until you have observed the occupant of the last seat on your right in the rear of your audience. I have often thought that with developed oratorical talent and literary skill, what a magnificent orator would be a world's champion prize fighter.

To drink water during a speech is one sign of the inexperienced speaker. Once in a plea for the life of a human being I talked for three hours (to the disinterested audience it must have seemed like six hours), and I never partook of a sup of water during the speech. Water taken while speaking irritates the throat. For relieving hoarseness take a crumb of muriate of ammonia.

It is easier to talk to a large audience than to a small one. Tact and resourcefulness are gained by speaking

on different topics and before audiences of varying sizes. Speeches are of many kinds, and each, like an essay, aims for the accomplishment of a particular object. "Speech is to persuade, to convert, to compel."

The most difficult of all oratory is the campaign political speech, and he on whom the politicians agree as a first-class "spellbinder" may by preparation put up a good speech on any topic.

Outdoor speaking is perplexing, as in the attempt to reach all hearers the speaker is liable to pitch his voice too high, which then does not carry so well as a more natural tone. If convenient speak toward the noise or music.

Brevity a Winning Quality

The less a speaker knows the longer it takes him to say it; therefore, cut your speeches short. Cicero says "brevity is a great praise of eloquence." The audience frequently believes it is doing the speaker an inestimable favor by "sitting down there" and spending its precious time, and all for the purpose of giving the "speaker" a chance, at its expense, to make (or lose?) a "reputation." Some audiences ought to be paid for their time.

Where a meeting is to be addressed by several speakers arrange the program so as to avoid overlapping one another's time. The audience surely would vote the president, or chairman, a success. I have observed when it was not half so insulting to tell the speaker to "sit down" as it was insulting to his audience to grin and bear the speaker's prolix harangue.

How to Make Effective Speeches

Many "Big" Men Poor Orators

Because a man has distinguished himself in business or in politics is no sign that he is able to make a speech. I have seen a most prominent business man of one of our largest cities, a candidate for high political office, become so confused in a speech before a large audience—he was reading it, too—that he actually danced around on the platform in his appeal for votes, and, unable to endure the merriment of the audience any longer, he quit, sat down, and put on his hat in the house, which, to his audience, was the most amusing incident in his whole speech, and the only part the audience remembered.

If, inexperienced, you may hire some one to write your addresses for you. Many noted people do so, either from want of literary skill or the time to do it themselves. I recall a one time governor who paid $75 each for his speeches. It is said that Ex-President Roosevelt and Emperor William, of Germany, are among the few who do their own literary work. It is an insult to an audience to be obliged to listen to a "speech" being read. The true orator scarcely will do so.

Public Speaking a Profession

Public speaking is a profession. Animal food promotes eloquence, and the orator ought to have a good sleep just before his appearance to speak. No one except a political candidate is obliged to shake hands and accept hospitality, so avoid this physical drain before speaking.

The orator of to-day must be a student, reader, thinker and writer; in olden times the orator was a dissemina-

tor of knowledge, but now the public itself is quite well informed. The best speeches and orations of all ages are the result of toil. True, the man, the time, and the occasion contributed much toward the orator's success. The budding orator is urged to study the speeches and the ways and manner of the best and most distinguished speakers and orators.

Constantly gather material for your speeches. Read, think, write; learn all you can, but tell your wisdom not in private conversation, but to audiences. Stories, if not quite original, when used in a speech, are liable to be ineffective. Practice until you are able to make a speech perfected in architectural beauty. Toil will accomplish miracles in the consummate orator. A great advantage is that the graceful, vigorous diction of the finished orator becomes of inestimable service in any other line of literary endeavor. Oratory is a book, essay, or speech concentrated in a few great thoughts clothed in simple language.

Oratory Superior to Professions

Oratory is superior to the learned professions as represented exclusively in law, medicine and theology, for oratory is the pure diamond of thought gleaned from the wisdom of these professions. What theology, law, or medicine could have exercised the charm and swayed the people of our revolutionary times as did that crystallized expression from the eloquent lips of Orator Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

For healthy development the orator needs the thrill of an audience, and audiences are inspired by the magnetic thrill from the genuine orator.

I close with one thought from Cicero: "It is glorious to excel men in that which men excel all other animals."

CHAPTER VII.

How to be Heard When Speaking in Public

AS you rise to speak, cast your eyes easily over the audience for a few seconds, then fix them upon the farthest auditors directly in front of you, and begin to speak in a pleasant tone of voice and with an easy naturalness of manner.

2. Regulate the "pitch" and "force" of voice by actually talking to your farthest auditors. The introductory matter should be delivered as if conversing with people at that distance. At the opening of your address you do not need to attempt anything more than to make the most distant listeners hear you distinctly, and without effort on their part. In order to do this—

3. Enunciate deliberately: that is, take sufficient time to utter every syllable that a correct standard of pronunciation demands should be enunciated. Be especially careful to "take time" during the delivery of the first half-dozen sentences. The characteristic of good speaking in the introductory matter is deliberateness. Much of your success will depend upon starting right.

4. As your earnestness of manner increases, still be careful to enunciate firmly and with the necessary deliberation to secure perfect syllabication. Keep the rights of the farthest auditors in mind throughout the address. If they hear you, all will hear. Be especially mindful of the distinct utterance of the closing words of sentences. Speakers often lower the pitch, diminish the force, and enunciate so rapidly as to become indis-

tinct and nearly inaudible. Secure proportion and cadence in the vocal treatment of the close of a sentence, but without sacrificing distinctness.

5. Do not be troubled about the quality of tone further than to speak in a pleasing manner.

6. As to style: be natural; be yourself at your best; that is, talk to the people in your own way, only with the increased earnestness that arises from your deep interest in the subject, and your desire to benefit your audience; and with the effect which comes from the reflex influence of the sympathetic attention of the audience upon your feelings. The perfection of public speaking is the perfection of talking to people earnestly. It is the tone and manner of good conversation raised to its highest power. An earnest colloquial style will be easily heard, and you will not degenerate into screaming with its consequent unpleasantness and fatigue of voice.

7. Avoid hurry in speaking. In your most animated passages do not speak so rapidly as to injure good syllabication, or mar the clear and melodious communication of ideas.

8. Rest all you can before speaking. Compose the nerves. If you speak in the evening, avoid getting physically tired during the day. Take a good nap in the afternoon. Take a cup of hot weak tea just before speaking, if it is possible to do so. This is desirable, though not essential.

9. Banish mental anxiety so far as you can. Do not fear that you will not be heard. Prepare yourself thoroughly and you will not fail. Be self-possessed. Self-possession depends chiefly upon thorough preparation and a proper amount of rest. If you cannot be self-possessed, be as self-possessed as you can.

PROF. J. W. CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Debating

DEBATING is excellent training. It teaches one to think quickly and logically, not to be afraid of an audience, and is undoubtedly the best of all training in public speaking. Not only are these powers to be gained by the practice of debating, but the debater who is accustomed to speaking will carry the same clearness of thought, confidence and positiveness of speech into business and social life, where he is sure to excel.

Daniel Webster, when asked the secret of his genius, replied: "There is no great secret. I simply keep my mind on my work. When a debate is before me I study the question in all its aspects. I think of it, dream about it. Day and night it is before me. The final effort I make people are pleased to call genius:"

It is an excellent plan to begin your debate by saying: "It is with great interest I have listened to the eloquent remarks of the gentleman who preceded me, and I fully agree with him as to," etc., etc. "But how, on some other points, he could go so far away from the real facts at issue, I cannot at all understand." Then proceed with your argument to point out how far from the facts your opponent is.

The following interesting and instructive article on "Public Speaking in American Colleges" will repay careful reading. The author, Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, is not only a most interesting speaker, but has given the subject careful attention and study, as will be noted by the fact that he was leader of the Notre Dame Universty victorious teams for four years and President Harvard University Debating Association for several years.

Public Speaking and Debating in American Colleges

By Byron V. Kanaley

A. B. Notre Dame '04
LLB. Harvard '07

[Leader of Notre Dame's victorious debating teams for four years; member of Harvard University debating team and Coach '06-'07 Harvard class teams, and President '05-'06 Harvard debating association. Mr. Kanaley at present is a member of the mortgage banking firm of Cooper, Kanaley & Co., Chicago.]

THE American College no longer regards public speaking as a byplay but as a part of the serious work of a higher institution of learning. A generation ago the annual intercollegiate debate was like the old-fashioned spelling bee—there was a little hurried preparation and then a sort of pitched battle of wits.

Today, every detail of a public speaking contest, of which debating is the chief example, is gone over with extreme care. Even the question itself for debate is chosen after great deliberation, since the college proposing the question knows that by the rules of the game the opposing school will have the choice of sides; and so the form and wording of the question are most important to the end that the side left will be debatable. I have known a week of earnest consideration to be given whether the proposition should be offered in the affirmative or the negative form.

Sides being chosen, the real work of preparation begins. At the two American universities, where public speaking as a serious business probably has reached its

highest development, namely, Notre Dame and Harvard, when debating is the thing in hand, the libraries are ransacked for material bearing on the question and the result indexed for ready use. About three weeks is given for "reading up" and then the trial debates begin. Ten minutes is allowed each contestant in which to talk on either side of the question he chooses. A gradual "weeding-out" is gone through until six men survive, three of whom compose the "Varsity" and three the "Scrubs." Daily debates take place between these two teams for perhaps six weeks, and then comes the big contest with the rival college.

The methods pursued at Notre Dame and at Harvard differ radically only in one respect. At Notre Dame great attention is paid to polish and finish in the speaker. As an aid in attaining this, the two teams in final preparation for the intercollegiate contest always remain on the same respective sides of the question, the Varsity on the side it will have in the big debate. At Harvard, no man knows on any particular day which side of the question he is to talk on. As a result, Harvard produces a team which can talk equally well on either side of the question, while Notre Dame puts a team on the platform that *knows* all about both sides but which can talk *best* on their own chosen side. Harvard leaves the debate giving an impression of wide knowledge of the whole question. Notre Dame leaves the debate giving the impression she knows fairly well the whole question and all about her side of the question—and leaves the hall with the decision. Notre Dame's method has gained her fifteen victories and but one defeat in twelve years.

How to Speak in Public

In so brief an article as this, it is possible to give but the merest outline of the qualities necessary for success in public speaking in general and debating in particular.

Earnestness probably has first place. If you do not believe what you say, and say it as though you believed it, your audience will not be convinced—much less, three hard-headed judges.

Snap and terseness are absolutely essential. In the first place you are extremely limited as to time, and again there are five other men beside you who are there for a hearing and if you wish to emerge from the herd and be remembered by a set of tired judges, your words have got to have "go" to them.

Readiness in thinking on one's feet often turns probable defeat into victory. I recollect a debate on Football between Yale and Harvard. A Harvard debater had spent most of his allotted time defending football as a college sport on the ground that football was analagous to war in that it instilled courage, obedience to discipline, the spirit of do or die to the last ditch, etc., etc., and he finished with a splendid and stirring defense of the game on purely patriotic grounds. He was followed by a Yale man who could think on his feet. The Yale man quietly remarked as he advanced to the front of the platform: "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, football *is* like war: a great many men have died in both." The audience burst into laughter and applause, and then he went on with his set speech, showing the frightful list of dead and maimed in the history of the sport.

A highly cultivated and tenacious memory is abso-

lutely essential for success in public speaking and particularly in debate. No one knows at what instant he may have to marshall facts or figures from hitherto dormant corners of his brain to meet some sudden and unexpected turn in the argument.

And lastly, as first, earnestness. This with the others wins. This without the others sometimes. The others without earnestness never.

So, be terse, be snappy, be agile of mind and sure in memory, be thorough in preparation, and in deadly earnest, that the judges or your audience may be of favoring mind and decision for your cause.

PART TWO

hakespeare

Quotations, Familar & Frequently Quoted Passages

Scripture and Shakespeare Parallels for Public Speakers from Every Play

Shakespeare's Autograph, if it had been written on Paper, would have appeared thus

Wm Shakspeare

THERE ARE VERY FEW GENUINE COPIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNATURE. THE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS A FAC-SIMILE OF A SIGNATURE TO A DEED OF PURCHASE NOW PRESERVED IN THE GUILDHALL, LONDON.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

Shakespeare

IT is very essential that the public speaker should have a knowledge of human character. No one can hope for success in any calling to-day without this knowledge of human nature.

For a knowledge of history Shakespeare's historical dramas give history in a vital and attractive form. His portrayal of many of the characters of ancient times, as Cæsar, Brutus, Coriolanus and others, is exceedingly vivid. In English history our debt to Shakespeare is still greater. Carlyle said: "Nearly all the English history that I know I learned from Shakespeare."

For training in expression, the art of speaking, writing, literature and in business, to see clearly and to see the whole, Shakespeare is a model of clearness. He uses a larger vocabulary than any other writer.

For culture implying growth, the unfolding of the heart and mind that comes from contact with what is best, no one can commune with Shakespeare's characters and think Shakespeare's thoughts after him without receiving an access of culture. It is always best before beginning to study an author to know something about

his personality, his life. We are far more interested in a work written by a friend than a stranger. You imagine you hear him speaking and you read his pages with far more pleasure and intelligence. With this end in view the following brief synopsis of Shakespeare's life is divided into seven periods, the important events capitalized so that the pupil can easily form a chain and memorize the same by the Dickson Method of Memory.

SHAKESPEARE

I. Who he Was—When and Where he Lived—Parents—Station in Life—Friends.

WM. SHAKESPEARE, the most famous name in English literature, was born APRIL 23, 1564, in the little town of STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY, ENGLAND. His father, JOHN SHAKESPEARE, a merchant and one of the mayors of Stratford, had married an heiress, MARY ARDEN, whose family had figured in the courtly and warlike annals of the past, and thus in the veins of the great poet and dramatist of humanity ran the blood inherited from both the aristocratic and popular portion of the community. He was married to ANNE HATHAWAY when eighteen years old, and three years afterwards left his native place for LONDON, where he became successively actor, author and dramatist, and one of the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. BEN JOHNSON was his intimate friend, and he had the personal acquaintance of QUEEN ELIZABETH, JAMES I., and LORD SOUTHAMPTON, to

whom he dedicated his first literary work, the poem VENUS AND ADONIS, published in 1593, and who is said to have expressed his admiration for the worth and genius of the poet by making him the princely gift of a thousand pounds. Through succeeding years his prosperity and fame increased and he DIED in his native place on the anniversary of his birth, APRIL 23, 1616, in the 52nd year of his age.

II. The England of Shakespeare's Youth.

2. The development of Shakespeare's genius was largely dependent upon his surroundings. He was born and lived for twenty years at STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, and it is certain that all the physical and moral influences of that picturesque and richly stored midland district of England melted as years went by into the full current of his blood, became, indeed, the very breath of life his expanding spirit breathed. Stratford derived its name from the ford where the road or street from London through Oxford to Birmingham crossed the Avon at the point of the stone bridge built before Shakespeare was born, still spans the stream.

WARWICKSHIRE was known in the poet's own day as the heart of England. This expression was suggested by the central situation of the county, being about equidistant from the eastern, western and southern shores of the Island. It was the middle shire of the Midlands, where the two great Roman roads crossing Britain from north to south and east to west met.

It will readily be seen that from its historical, roman-

tic and legendary interest Warwickshire was a fitting region for the birth and education of a great national poet, historian and dramatist. Warwickshire was also prominent in the history of the English drama. COVENTRY was one of the places where the Mediæval plays were kept up even to Shakespeare's own day, and the youthful Shakespeare no doubt was an eye-witness to the very last of these MIRACLE PLAYS, performed for centuries by the grey friars in their great monasteries. This is evident from the many allusions in his plays to Herod, blustering about the stage, to the Devil, Termagant, and other characters from these old miracle plays.

III. Early Education—Trials and Difficulties.

3. We first find the youthful Shakespeare at the free grammar school of Stratford, where, as far as is known, he received the elements of an English training with some admixture of Latin, and possibly French and Italian. Tradition has it that he made a partial study and practice of law, and even played the role of a village schoolmaster. Early in his teens the financial stress under which his father was suffering forced him from school to the more practical concerns of life. His marriage to Anne Hathaway in his eighteenth year was a venturesome undertaking, and in order to better his condition, a few years after his marriage he made his plans for removal to London.

IV. How he Reached Fame.

4. Passing over the legendary history of the great dramatist, we find him in LONDON from 1585 to

1612, varied with frequent visits to his rural home in Stratford. Very probably his first appearance in London was as an ACTOR, and according to tradition he afterwards acted the ghost in "Hamlet," and Old Adam in "As You Like It." His advice through Hamlet to the players, "to hold the mirror up to nature," etc., clearly shows that he had the right view as to the dramatic art, and the function of the actor. His comrade, Richard Burbage, was the first masterly actor of the great tragic characters, Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear and Othello, and was no doubt coached in those roles by the great master.

Shakespeare was a most prolific dramatist, being the author and adapter of thirty-seven plays. If all his PLAYS were staged at the same time it would require seven hundred actors to play the different roles, no two of which are alike. In this vast throng would be found ancient Greeks, Romans, Britains, Kings, Queens, Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, Sages and Clowns, Priests and Cutthroats, Age and Infancy, learned Magicians and degraded Calibans, all ages and conditions of men. He not only peopled the earth, but the air and sea as well. In Macbeth witches and hags hover through the fog and filthy air. In the Tempest, Ariel and the fairies follow the sunshine around the earth. All elf-land is revealed in the depths of a Midsummer Night's Dream. So we can see there is a Shakespeare of the heaven as well as of the earth.

V. What Shakespeare has Taught Us — The Lesson of His Life.

5. Shakespeare has taught us that the GOOD LAWS OF THIS WORLD ARE STRICT AND INEXORABLE. He is stern and exact, for he resolves to see facts on both sides, but he is at the same time infinitely tolerant because he perceives the infinite variety of human character and can enter into sympathy with each. He knows that I am not a law for you, nor are you a law for me. Each individual is a single, separate entity, possessing all the rights of an individual. But over and above each and all are the everlasting laws without which this "goodly frame, the earth, and its brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, would be a chaos, a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors." The two principal rules and lessons of life which George Eliot gave to a young friend, were first, "BE ACCURATE," and second, "My dear child, the great lesson of life is 'TOLERANCE'." Both these lessons, liberally taught, are also the lessons of Shakespeare.

VI. End of Life.

6. Shakespeare returned to his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1612, and it is a strange coincidence in the great dramatist's career that when he left London the local theatres were closed by law, players being paid not to perform.

He passed away April 23, 1616, the anniversary of his birth, at the age of 52, a man, as Mrs. Browning writes in her "Visions of Poets":

"On whose forehead climb the crowns of the world."

He was buried in the chancel of Trinity Church, Stratford-upon-Avon. The inscription on his tomb is of singular import:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

VII. How Esteemed and Why.

7. Of all authors Shakespeare must be known personally, must be communed with in secret by the reader himself, must be asked to reveal himself, if so he may in some adequate way understand what God did for the English people and the world when he gave them a man and a poet of such superhuman endowment. Although it is three hundred years since his genius attained to its full development, yet Europe is still busy with him as though with a contemporary. His dramas are acted and read wherever civilization extends, and there will never come a time when they will cease to move the heart, or irradiate the imagination of the world.

Students of the University of Notre Dame in Macbeth under the Direction of Prof. Dickson

CHAPTER X.

The Study of Shakespeare

THE purpose of the drama is to teach a complete knowledge of human character. Suppose a man to have all other kinds of knowledge under the sun; let him possess all the bearing and grace of an angel, and the golden thoughts and musical words of a poet, and yet without this knowledge of human nature he would be the veriest fool. He would be at once a laughing stock and nuisance because he could not conduct himself properly before his fellow man. Next to the knowledge of God, indeed, the knowledge of human character is most important. "Know thyself" was the maxim of the old Greek philosophy. "Know thyself and all thy fellow creatures" is the truer and wider maxim of a higher philosophy. If the end of the drama be to teach human character, our aim in reading it should be to learn human character. We come now to the more practical part how to study it according to the Three Laws of Memory.

Hamlet is best studied in the way that every other play of Shakespeare is best studied, that is to say, by frequently reading it, until the whole play in all its parts stands in the mind like a personal experience. Hamlet is perhaps Shakespeare's greatest masterpiece. The character of the hero of the play is by common consent

reckoned his greatest, his most interesting creation. The play as a reading and acting play has been for nearly 300 years the most continuously popular play known. It has contributed more to the common stock of current expression than any other composition in literature, except the Bible. Words and phrases in it have become so ingrafted in our speech that they have become in very truth household words; that is to say, not merely "household words" of the usual sort or the words and phrases of culture and refinement, but "household words" in the same sense of being the words and phrases of common universal use. People quote "Hamlet" every day of their lives without knowing it.

It will readily be seen he who has his Hamlet well memorized has at his free command one of the chief storehouses of noble thought and apt expression to be found in the English language.

The play of Hamlet in gross analysis may be said to consist of but three divisions. First, the revelation to Hamlet; second, Hamlet's disclosure to the King that his secret is known; and thirdly, and through the King's effort to be rid of Hamlet, the culmination. The first act is devoted to and completes the part of the ghost's revelation. The following synopsis may be used in study.

(1) Relate in your own words the story of Hamlet, bringing out as well as you can the main dramatic features of the play.

(2) Note the Associations by Likeness, by Contrast and Concurrence to be found in the play, between the

characters and scenes. Note the likeness between Hamlet and Horatio, so like to each other in their devotion, nobility of soul, etc., and yet what a contrast. Horatio evenly balanced, well poised, steady, Hamlet restless, impetuous, whose imagination compassed heaven and earth. Note also the contrast between Hamlet's humor and his melancholy, each relieving and making more impressive the other. Contrast Laertes with Hamlet. They are like to each other in one respect, each has lost his father under deplorable circumstances; but Laertes is impulsive, rash, brutal, seeking immediate revenge, while Hamlet is reflective, philosophical and calculating. Contrast the wise sayings of Hamlet's maxims taken from life, with the copy-book maxims of the wily, garrulous, time-serving, worldly-minded old Polonius. Contrast Ophelia with Juliet; the clowns in the grave-yard scene. Note the wonderful contrast in the scene where the ghost of the murdered King appears to Hamlet, in the middle of the night upon the ramparts of the Castle, and the awful background of uproar and revelry, as the red glare of the King's carousal shines from the palace windows.

(3) Give brief characterizations with appropriate illustrations from the play of Ophelia, Polonius, Hamlet and other principal characters.

(4) Express your own opinion in regard to Hamlet's mental condition, whether he was sane or not, and back up your opinion with quotations from the play itself.

(5) Give a number of words, phrases and short sentences from the play, that by their frequent use have become parts of our language.

The next step in the study of Shakespeare is to try and verify his different characters and find their likeness in the people around us. The student must ask, is this character true? Have we ever seen or heard of any person like this? We can, if at all observant, see many of Shakespeare's characters living and moving among us. Take for example Hamlet, the highest character, and Caliban, the very lowest. A great writer has said that Germany is Hamlet, meaning that we can easily see in those men of active mind, who think much and talk much, a likeness to Hamlet; and on the other hand, we see a likeness to Caliban in the degraded masses of large cities who seem half men and half brutes.

CHAPTER XI.

Shakespearean Quotations for Public Speakers Representing Every Play Written By the Dramatist

FAMILIAR and frequently quoted passages, also Scripture and Shakespeare parallels. As an additional aid to the memory the speaker's name has been attached to each quotation.

AMBITION—AUTHORITY

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Henry VIII, 3:2. (*Cardinal Wolsey*)

Ambition's debt is paid . . .
O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
Julius Cæsar 3:1. (*Mark Antony*).

But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.
Measure for Measure 2:2. (*Isabella*).

CONSCIENCE

Conscience does make cowards of us all.
Hamlet 3:1. (*Hamlet*).

How is't with me when every noise appals me?
Macbeth 2:2. (*Macbeth.*)

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
Henry VIII. 3:2. (*Cardinal Wolsey*).

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. . . .
The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
Hamlet 2:2. (*Hamlet*).

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart? *Macbeth 5 :3.* (*Macbeth*).

Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass,
Wherein you may see the inmost part of you.
. . . O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct. *Hamlet 3:4.* (*Gertrude*).

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep!—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Macbeth 2:2. (*Macbeth*).

Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew, my master, . . . and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. *Merchant of Venice 2:2.* (*Launcelot Gobbo*).

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

II Henry VI. 3:2. (*King Henry*).

CHARITY—MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Merchant of Venice 4:1. (*Portia*).

DEATH AND THE FUTURE—ETERNITY

He that dies, pays all debts. *Tempest 3:2.* (*Stephano*).

Death, death, O amiable, lovely death!

King John 3:4. (*Constance*).

Death, as the Psalmist sayeth, is certain to all; all shall die. *II Henry IV. 3:2.* (*Shallow*).

It is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Macbeth 2:1. (*Macbeth*).

Immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. *Pericles 3:2.*

Thou know'st 'tis common! all that lives must die
Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet 1:2. (*Gertrude*).

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high
Whilst thy gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Richard II. 5:5.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither
Ripeness is all. *King Lear 5:2* (*Edgar*).

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity. *Sonnet 122.*

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Tempest 4:1.* (*Prospero*).

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home are gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and lasses must,
  As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust. *Song in Cymbeline 4:2.*

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. *Hamlet 5:2.* (*Hamlet*).

FORGIVENESS—PARDON

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon Thee!
III Henry VI. 5:6. (*King Henry VI*).

More needs she the divine than the physician,
God, God; forgive us all! *Macbeth 5:1.* (*Doctor*).

FRIENDSHIP

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
Julius Cæsar 4:3 (*Cassius*).

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks.
Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Hamlet 3:2.* (*Hamlet*).

FALSEHOOD—FLATTERY—DECEIT

One may smile and smile and be a villain.
Hamlet 1:5. (*Hamlet*).

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
King Lear 1:1. (*Cordelia*).

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Merchant of Venice 1:3. (*Antonio*).

GRATITUDE—INGRATITUDE

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend.
King Lear 1:4. (*Lear*).

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms.
Julius Cæsar 3:2. (*Antony*).

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. *King Lear 1:4.* (*Lear*).

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfullness!
II Henry VI. 1:1. (*King Henry VI*).

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't? *King Lear 3:4.* (*Lear*).

Ingratitude is monstrous and for the multitude to be ungrateful were to make a monster of the multitude.
Coriolanus 2:3. (*Third Citizen*).

HEAVEN—HELL

O all you host of heaven! *Hamlet 1:5.* (*Hamlet*).

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. *Macbeth 2:1.* (*Banquo*)

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished.
Richard II. 1:3. (*Northumberland*).

There are more things in heaven and earth—
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
Hamlet 1:5. (*Hamlet.*).

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast.
Henry V. 4:6. (*Exeter*).

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
Midsummer Night's Dream 5:1. (*Theseus*).

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell!
Hamlet 1:4. (*Hamlet*).

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
III Henry VI. 5:6. (*Gloster*).

HYPOCRISY—INSINCERITY

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Macbeth 1:7. (*Macbeth*).

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. *Hamlet 3:1.* (*Hamlet*).

Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for.

Macbeth 1:5. (*Lady Macbeth*).

IGNORANCE

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

II Henry VI. 4:7. (*Lord Say*).

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good.

Antony and Cleopatra 2:1 (*Menecrates*).

JUDGMENT

Heaven forgive my sins at the day of Judgment.

Merry Wives 3:3. (*Evans*).

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Hamlet 1:5. (*Ghost*).

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Hamlet 1:2. (*Hamlet*).

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason.

Julius Cæsar 3:2. (*Antony*).

JESUS—CHRIST—SAVIOUR

So Judas did to Christ.

Richard II. 4:1. (*Richard II*).

The precious image of our dear Redeemer.
Richard III. 2:1. (*King Edward*)

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
I Henry IV. 3:2. (*King Henry*).

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.
Hamlet 1:1. (*Marcellus*).

JUSTICE—INJUSTICE

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
II Henry VI. 3:2. (*King Henry VI*).

Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Henry VIII. 3:2. (*Wolsey*).

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office—

The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
King Lear 4:6. (*Lear*).

Shakespearean Quotations

LIFE—TIME

Thy life's a miracle. *King Lear 4:6.* (*Edgar*).

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow.
Macbeth 5:5. (*Macbeth*).

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.
As You Like It 3:2. (*Rosalind*).

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
Julius Cæsar 4:3. (*Cassius*)

Come what, come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Macbeth 1:3. (*Macbeth*).

I do not set my life at a pin's fee
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
Hamlet 1:4. (*Hamlet*).

This day I breath'd first: time is come round;
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.
Julius Cæsar 5:3. (*Cassius*).

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.
As You Like It 2:7. (*The Fool*).

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbiter, Time,
Will one day end it.
Troilus and Cressida 4:5. (*Hector*).

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
As You Like It 2:1. (*Banished Duke*).

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees is left
this vault to brag of. *Macbeth 2:3.* (*Macbeth*).

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Macbeth 5:3. (*Macbeth*).

LOVE—LUST

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Romeo and Juliet 2:2. (*Romeo*).

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Romeo and Juliet 2:2. (*Juliet*).

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the acadamies,
That show, contain and nourish all the world.
Love's Labors Lost 4:3. (*Biron*).

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, and therefore to be won.
Henry VI. 5:3. (*Suffolk*).

Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act . . . . . .
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. *Hamlet 3:4.* (*Hamlet*).

MAN

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! *Hamlet 2:2.* (*Hamlet*).

Men at some time are masters of their fate;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings.
Julius Cæsar 1:2. (*Cassius*).

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages.
As You Like It 2:7. (*Banished Duke and Jaques*).

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root, and then he
falls, as I do. *Henry VIII. 3:2.* (*Wolsey*).

Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? . . . . as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperial Cæsar dead, and turn to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!
Hamlet 5:1. (*Hamlet*).

Shakespearean Quotations

MEMORY

Memory, the warder of the brain.
Macbeth 1:7. (*Lady Macbeth*).

MISCELLANEOUS

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes. *King Lear 1:1.* (*Lear*).

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
Timon of Athens 4:3. (*Timon*).

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Two Gentlemen of Verona 1:2. (*Lucetta*).

It is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
Hamlet 1:4. (*Hamlet*).

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are. *Twelfth Night 2:4.* (*Duke*).

What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller.
Titus Andronicus 2:1. (*Demetrius*)

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Comedy of Errors 1:1. (*Balthazar*).

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Much Ado About Nothing 3:2. (*Benedict*).

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Taming of the Shrew 2:3.

Whose words all ears took captive.
All's Well That Ends Well 5:3. (*Lafen*).

What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief. *The Winter's Tale 1:2.*

NATURE'S LESSONS

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Troilus and Cressida 3:3. (*Ulysses*).

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Antony and Cleopatra 1:2. (*Soothsayer*)

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, or the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
As You Like It 2:1. (*Banished Duke*).

PRAYER—PROVIDENCE

We are in God's hands, brother.
Henry V. 3:6. (*Henry V*).

Now I am past all comfort here, but prayers.
Henry VIII. 4:2. (*Katharine*).

There's such divinity doth hedge a king.
Hamlet 4:5. (*Claudius*).

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Hamlet 5:2. (*Hamlet*).

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hamlet 5:2. (*Hamlet*).

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.
As You Like It 2:3. (*Old Adam*).

PEACE

Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
II Henry VI. 2:1. (*King Henry*).

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. *Henry VIII. 3:2.* (*Wolsey*).

PURITY—HONOR—COURAGE—RECTITUDE

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. *Hamlet 2:2.* (*Hamlet*).

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.
Hamlet 1:3. (*Polonius*).

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's. *Henry VIII. 3:2.* (*Wolsey*).

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Julius Cæsar 4:3.* (*Brutus*)

REPENTANCE—PENITENCE

Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Hamlet 3:4. (*Hamlet*).

Shakespearean Quotations

REMORSE

Yet here's a spot.
Out, damned spot! out, I say! . . . .
Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes
Of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Macbeth 5:1. (*Lady Macbeth*)

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further! *Macbeth 3:2.* (*Macbeth*).

. . . . Make thick my blood
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!" *Macbeth 1:5.*(*Lady Macbeth*).

Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! dead Desdemona! dead. Oh, oh!

Othello 5:2. (*Othello*).

REVENGE—HATE

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor.

Merchant of Venice 4:1. (*Shylock*).

If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. . . . If you wrong us, shall we not revenge? . . . . If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge.

Merchant of Venice 3:1. (*Shylock*).

SOUL

Banquo, thy soul's flight
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Macbeth 3:2. (*Macbeth*).

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

Hamlet 1:4. (*Hamlet*).

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still 'quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

Merchant of Venice 5:1. (*Lorenzo*).

SUICIDE

Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self slaughter!

Hamlet 1:2. (*Hamlet*).

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time . . .
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death.

Hamlet 3:1. (*Hamlet*).

SLANDER—MALICE

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and both belie
All corners of the world. *Cymbeline 3:4.* (*Pisanio*).

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that. *Othello 3:3.* (*Othello*).

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.
Hamlet 3:1. (*Hamlet*).

THE WORLD

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
As You Like It 1:3. (*Rosalind*).

. . . . The world's grown honest!
Then is dooms-day near. *Hamlet 2:2.* (*Hamlet*).

World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
King Lear 4:1. (*Edgar*).

You have too much respect upon the world
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
. . . I hold the world but as the world
A stage, where every man plays a part.
Merchant of Venice 1:1. (*Antonio*).

Students, University of Notre Dame in Witch Scene from Macbeth - Direction, Prof. Dickson

CHAPTER XII.

Scripture and Shakespeare Parallels

Quotations, References, Paraphrases, etc.

THE following arrangement of passages serves to show the Poet's frequent use of thought and language as found in the sacred volume. It does not, of course, follow that these were all purposely quoted from the Bible, but it does establish, beyond all dispute, that the mind of the great dramatist was thoroughly imbued with the thoughts and teachings of the Scriptures.[1]

So frequently does he borrow figures of speech from the Bible—adapting them to incidents or characters of his plays—that they not only illustrate his subject or convey his moral, but they also throw new light upon the Scripture text.

Moreover, no one can read these Bible passages, placed as they are here, side by side, with others from the Poet, without perceiving something of the great debt we owe to the Scriptures for much that is best and greatest in Shakespeare.

Some of these parallelisms are very striking; as, for example, the various uses which are made in the respective plays of such historic events as the murder of Abel by his brother; Jeptha's vow of sacrifice; Herod's slaughter of infants; the betrayal by Judas; and the parable of the prodigal son.

Among the parallels are some Bible texts literally quoted, but the greater part of them are better than *verbatim* quotations. They are the WORD *inbreathed*,

until it became *Shakespeare's,* and then, from this incarnated word—genius inspired—there has been given to the world lessons high and broad:—a new interpretation; *the truth,* with a new application, read and written into the life and experience of men and women as they are found in and of the world.

[1]Referring to the allusion to Matthew 5:22 in The Merchant of Venice 1:1, Sprague remarks: "Shakespeare is so familiar with the Bible that we who know less of the sacred book are sometimes slow to catch his allusions." See Sprague's Notes on The Merchant of Venice.

PARALLEL PASSAGES

Blessed are the peacemakers.
Matt. v. 9.

Blessed are the peacemakers on earth. II Hen. VI. 2:1.

Not one of them (sparrows) is forgotten before God.
Luke xii. 6.
Matt. x. 29.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Ham. 5:2.

Behold the fowls of the air and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Matt. vi. 26.

He that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow. As You Like It 2:3.

The Lord's anointed.
I Sam. xxvi. 11, 16.
Destroy this temple.
John ii. 19.
The temple of this body.
John ii. 21.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. 2:3.

Forgive and ye shall be forgiven. Luke vi. 37.

See also Matt. vi. 12, 14, 15.

I as free forgive as I would be forgiven. Hen. VIII. 2:1.
I pardon him as God shall pardon me. Rich. II. 5:3.

Parallel Passages

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.
Matt. vi. 34.

But it sufficeth that the day will end, and then the end is known. Jul. Cæsar 5:1.

Do good to them that hate you. Matt. v. 44.

Cherish those hearts that hate thee. Hen. VIII. 3:2.

Overcome evil with good.
Rom. xii. 21.

With a piece of scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil. Rich. III. 1:3.

Pray for them that despitefully use you. Matt. v. 44.

Pray for them that have done scath to us. Rich. III. 1:3.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.
Matt. xix. 24.

It is as hard to come as for a camel to thread through the postern of a needle's eye.
Rich. II. 5:5.

Be baptized and wash away thy sins. Acts xxii. 16.

Your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Hen. V. 1:2.

For all have sinned.
Rom. iii. 23.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. II Hen. VI. 3:3.

The tree is known by his fruit. Matt. xii. 33.

If the tree be known by the fruit and fruit by the tree.
I Hen. IV. 2:4.

Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow. Isa. i. 18.

What if this curs'd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?
Ham. 3:3.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men.
Matt. v. 15, 16.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Do not go forth of us, t'were all alike as if we had them not. Meas. for Meas. 1:1.

How far that little candle throws his beams
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Mer. of Ven. 5:1.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. xiii. 10.

Charity itself fulfills the law
And who can sever love from charity? Love's Labor 4:3.

Thy right hand hath holden me up. Ps. xviii. 35.

In the great hand of God I stand. Macb. 2:3.

Are they not all ministering spirits? Heb. i. 14.

A ministering angel shall my sister be. Ham. 5:1.

Thou makest it soft with showers. Ps. lxv. 10.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.
Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

As the cold of snow in the time of harvest.
Prov. xxv. 13.

As snow in harvest.
Rich. III. 1:4.

Though I be rude in speech.
II Cor. xi. 6.

Rude am I in speech.
Othello 1:3.

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.
Prov. i. 20.

Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.
I Hen. IV. 1:2.

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.
Eccl. x. 16.

Woe to the land that is govern'd by a child.
Rich. III. 2:3.

Parallel Passages

What is man that thou are mindful of him . . . thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.
Ps. viii. 4.
Heb. ii. 6.

What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel. Ham. 2:2.

Whose names were not written in the book of life.
Rev. xvii. 8.
Let them be blotted out of the book of the living.
Ps. lxix. 28.

My name be blotted from the book of life. Rich. II. 1:3

To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.
Eccl. iii. 1.

There is a time for all things.
Com. Err. 2:2.

There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple . . .
And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus . . . moreover the dogs came and licked his sores . . .
The beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.
Luke xvi. 2:2.

Dives that lived in purple.
I Hen. IV. 3:3.
As ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores.
I Hen. IV. 4:2.
Sweet peace, conduct his soul to the bosom of good old Abraham. Rich. II. 4:1.

Not this man but Barrabas.
Now Barrabas was a robber.
John xviii. 40.

Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian.
Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

Legions of Angels.
Matt. xxvi. 53.

Legions of angels.
Merry Wives 1:3.

And the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves.
Matt. xxvii. 52.

Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.
Ps. xxii. 15.

I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.
Job x. 21.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. Ps. xc. 9.

Man is like to vanity: his days are a shadow that passeth away. Ps. cxliv. 4.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. Job vii. 6.

I die daily. I Cor. xv. 31.

The prince of this world cometh. John xiv. 30.

Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life. Matt. vii. 14.
Luke xiii. 24.

Put not your trust in princes.
Ps. cxlvi. 3.

And the grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets. Ham. 1:1.

—The way to dusty death.
Macb. 5:5.

The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveller returns.
Ham. 3:1.

Life's but a walking shadow
. . . it is a tale
Told by an idiot full of sound
Signifying nothing.
Macb. 5:5.

Life is a shuttle.
Merry Wives 5:1.

The queen . . . .
Died every day she lived.
Macb. 4:3.

He is the prince of this world.
All's Well 4:5.

I am for the house with the narrow gate. All's Well 4:5.

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors.
Hen. VIII. 3:2.

Parallel Passages

Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward.
Prov. xxii. 5.

I am amazed methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
King John 4:3.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.
Prov. xii. 15.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows he is a fool.
As You Like It 5:1

If any man seemeth to be wise in this world let him become a fool that he may be wise. I Cor iii. 18.

Be sure your sins will find you out. Num. xxxii. 23.

For murder though it have no tongue will speak
With most miraculous organ.
Ham. 2:2.

Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.
Ex. xx. 5.

The sins of the father are to be laid upon the children.
Mer. of Ven. 3:5.

Thy sins are visited in this child
The canon of the law is laid on him
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin conceiving womb.
King John 2:1.

There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.
Acts xxvii. 34.

There is no soul
No, not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in this vessel
Which thou heard'st cry.
The Tempest 1:2.

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handy work . . . There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Ps. xix. 1, 3.

When the morning stars sang together. Job xxxviii. 7.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.[1]
Mer. of Ven. 5:1.

[1]Hallam speaks of this passage as "The most sublime," perhaps, in Shakespeare.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Prov. xxii. 1.

A good name is better than precious ointment. Eccl. vii. 1.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash.
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Othello 3:3.

Unstable as water. Gen. xlix. 4.

False as water. Othello 5:2.

Fear not, neither be thou dismayed. Josh. viii. 1.

Cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd. Rich. III. 5:3.

To be tempted of the devil. Matt. iv. 1.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus? Rich. III. 4:4.

O generation of vipers. Matt. iii. 7.

A generation of vipers. Troi. and Cress. 3:1.

For satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. II Cor. xi. 14.

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
Ham. 2:2.

Parallel Passages

If a man dies and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass upon his daughter. Num. xxvii. 8.

In the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.
Hen. V. 1:2.

And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it.
Gen. ii. 15.

Thou old Adam's likeness set to dress this garden . . . .
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee.
To make a second fall of cursed man. Rich. II. 3:4.

The woman said, the serpent beguiled me and I did eat.
Gen. iii. 13.

In the state of innocency Adam fell. I Hen. IV. 3:3.

The scripture says, Adam digged. Ham. 5:1.

And the Lord God sent him (Adam) forth from the garden to till the ground.
Gen. iii. 23.

The birth of Cain, the first male child. King John 3:4
The first born Cain.
II Hen. IV. 1:1.

How the knave jowls it to the ground,
As if it were Cain's jawbone that did the first murder.
Ham. 5:1.

And Eve bare Cain and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord. Gen. iv. 1.

Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him.
Gen. iv. 8.

O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't
A brother's murder.
Ham. 3:3.

The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. Gen. iv. 10.

Which blood like sacrificing Abel's cries
Even from the tongueless cavern of the earth.
Rich. II. 1:1.

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.
III Hen. VI. 2:3.

And now art thou cursed from the earth. Gen. iv. 11.

Be thou cursed Cain
To slay thy brother Abel.
I Hen. VI. 1:3.

A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.
Gen. iv. 12.

With Cain, go wander through the shade at night.
Rich. II. 5:6.

And they went unto Noah into the ark two and two of all flesh . . . And the flood was forty days upon the earth.
Gen. vii. 15, 17.

There is sure another flood toward
And these couples are coming to the ark.
As You Like It 5:4.
Noah's flood could not do it.
Com. of Err. 3:2.

Thou shalt not kill.
Ex. xx. 13.
Thou shalt do no murder.
Matt. xix. 18.

The great King of Kings hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder.
Rich. III. 1:4.

Thou shalt not steal.
Ex. xx. 15.

Thou shalt not steal.
Meas. for Meas. 1:2.

And Daniel convicted them of false witness. And from that day forth was Daniel had in great reputation.
Susanna Vs. 61, 64.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea à Daniel!
O wise young Judge, how I do honor thee.
Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

PART THREE

eady-Made Speechlets Toasts, Quotations, Anecdotes for Every Occasion

"Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."—*Emerson.*

PART III.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ready-Made Speechlets, Toasts, Quotations, Anecdotes for Every Occasion

Selected From the World's Wit and Wisdom

TO MEMORIZE these terse and witty sayings, stories, speechlets, etc., will place you in a position to entertain your friends on all occasions, and to be sought out among men for your spontaneous good humor and ability to interest and amuse at social or informal gatherings. The ability to do these things, to be popular, constitutes a first stepping stone in many a career of professional, political or business life.

INTRODUCTORY

Have you not been called upon for a few remarks and know by experience some of the embarrassments such a call entails?

The following series of speechlets, toasts, quotations, etc., embraces a pleasing variety of wit, humor, historical facts, anecdotes and wise sayings appropriate for all occasions. All successful speakers admit the great advantage of being prepared. Robert Ingersoll, one of the greatest orators that ever lived, denied there ever was impromptu

speaking. He claims that all speeches of merit must be prepared. Few men make so many speeches as Chauncey Depew. He admits that he prepares his speeches in advance and goes loaded for the occasion, "Preparation is the real art of speaking to please," said Tom Marshall. "They tell of my astonishing bursts of eloquence. I simply write out my speech in full and commit it to memory."

"Having made a study of the methods of orators, I find few permit themselves to speak unless they have time to prepare, carefully revise and commit to memory their speeches." Quince's saying to Snug, in Midsummer Night's Dream to whom was assigned the lion's part in the play: "You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring," may do for those satisfied with mere noise, but ideas and words to express them that are not thought out in advance by the speaker, are not likely to create favorable impression, or be thought of afterward by the hearer.

By the aid of the Dickson Method you will be enabled to memorize any of these speechlets in a very short time. Then when you are called upon you will be enabled to do yourself justice. To be well spoken is a strong point in your favor in many walks of life, in business, in society. The ability to speak, to debate and argue effectively is a most valuable asset and an indispensable requisite of success.

ABOUT FRATERNAL ORDERS

FRATERS ALL: Behind the clouds of the present time there is a bright ray of light flashing, and it flashes

from the stars of the fraternal societies. Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights, be what they may, they all should have the common aim—the teaching of man's fellowship to man. What a pure doctrine is preached in the lodge thus: "Each for the other and God for us all," and we can thankfully say, more than preached, practiced, but not yet practiced enough. The fraternal orders smooth over with glorious impartiality the inequalities of life; brother is brother, though he be Dives or Lazarus.

Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights, Foresters, fraternal societies all, this is the real object of your pledges. By true adherance to your vows you could accomplish it, and see the peace and comfort brought by universal brotherhood.

It cannot be a delusive hope that we may yet see the time when the strong may recognize that they are but stewards of their strength for the care of the weak.

Fraternity never cast a shadow upon a home, never wounded a human heart and never wronged a human soul. It is never deaf to the cry of the needy, never blind to the wants of the deserving, and its broad and noble heart promptly responds to the call of the erring and a cry for help from any of its kind. It is one of the mighty forces to-day working toward the upbuilding of the race of men.

Let fraternity have the honor due for her great work of goodness. While at times it may seem to have limits, its general tendency is to broaden the human heart and make it capable of including in its sympathies all the race of men instead of those who are confined within the limits of the immediate organizations.

Fraternity strives to make men happier by making

them better, and in this task she has enlisted a great army of hopeful workers, and year by year the work is moving forward toward the goal of its brightest dreams.

FRATERNITY, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

In the Roman army of old the soldier carried a large oblong shield on his left arm. When a city was besieged the men in close rank locked their shields together over their heads and then marched in safety to the gate. So is it, brethren, with such an organization as ours. One cannot contemplate, without great gratitude, the spirit which has united you. You lock your shields over your heads as you march against the vicissitudes, the trials and temptations of life, and not over your own heads alone, but others are sheltered beneath them. A comrade falls, but your locked shields ward off hardship and penury from his widow and her little ones. A companion is prostrated with sickness, but he is cared for, and his wants are supplied from your Sick Benefit Fund. Thousands have been already, in the few years in which you have been organized, paid out to the widow and orphan, and hundreds when the provider of the family was laid aside by sickness. How many can testify to the timely help thus given—in the tender care bestowed in watching by the sick bed, and in provision being made for the daily need. There is another element which has a place in our Order, and one which needs cultivation to the very utmost by us all. We need to form a cordon of strong hearts to ward off temptations from our brother, and to keep him from the hands of the destroyer. True brotherhood should make much of this. Warding

off the outward ills which touch the body or the comfort of the home merely, is not sufficient to meet the needs of men. We need to help in warding off those evils which reach the very vitals of true manhood. The temptations which fight against the life and the lusts which war against the soul, need most of all to be guarded against. The alien hands which strip the soul of its robe of purity and righteous character must be restrained. There are hungerings of the heart for brotherhood which can only be satisfied with heartfelt sympathy. One is glad to be able to say that in the meetings of this and other fraternal orders from time to time there are those elements, and that all that takes place is elevating and helpful, and the fellowship cultivated which must strengthen all in the cause of right and truth.

"This world's not all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given,
He that hath soothed a widow's woe
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God, or love to man,
On earth hath tasted Heaven."

FRATERNITY AND BUSINESS

FRATERS: It is a satisfaction to be with you this evening. I like to attend lodge. I enjoy the welcome, the fraternal greeting, the glad hand, the pleasant smiles, the ready sympathy, the hearty fellowship of the lodge room. It is here we see and experience the better side or human nature and learn to know one another as something more than cold, calculating and selfish business automatons.

In this work-a-day-world, during "desk hours," we are too prone to surround ourselves with an atmosphere of business that almost forbids friendships. But in the lodge room, where the perplexities, troubles, cares and irritations of business are put aside, we come to realize that human nature is not altogether selfish, and that after all hearts beat and blood courses warm for others. Here, of all places, the exactions of business are not allowed to stand in the way of fellowship and brotherly regard. In lodges, other than those making use of such symbols, we as truly "meet upon the level and part upon the square."

In a neighbor's garden, amongst foilage that in curious shape wearies imagination, and flowers that in splendor of tint and witchery of odor shame imitation, I saw a plant clad in spines of forbidding sharpness and having nothing I could discover to win or merit admiration among that galaxy of beauties. One evening I received an invitation to again visit the garden, where I found that graceless plant wearing the glory of a flower resplendent in beauty and revelling in perfume. It was the Cactus Grandiflorus—the paragon of plants that unfolds

its flower only to the stars and the silent night.

That spiney ugliness had hidden in its heart a thing of fragrance and beauty. Men at business may appear as graceless as that spine-clad plant, but in the lodge room human nature puts forth a flower, and we can forgive its business aspect for the beauty at its heart. Let each of us see to it that ours is a full-blossomed, perfect flower whose grace and fragrance shall be grateful to the Master of the garden.

It is necessary and right, both for the good of the individual and of society, that business be conducted in a systematic manner, but it seems to me that much of the abrupt formality generally accompanying its transaction could be dispensed with and more of the spirit of genial fraternity infused into it. Why should we have to wait till the sun goes down?

> "And the cares that infest the day
> Fold their tents like the Arabs
> And as silently steal away"

for fraternity to unfold its fragrant and beautiful flower?

ORGANIZATION AND ATTENDANCE

"What's the use of keeping up the lodge organization?" Sure enough what is the use? "I don't get any benefit from it." Of course you don't. Neither does the man who bandages his eyes and stuffs his ears full of cotton get any good out of a theatrical performance. Neither does the church member receive any aid and comfort from his fellow member if he stays away from church and fails to pay his pew rent. The fact is, disgruntled brother, this is a big and busy world; and while

most men will do a kind act, or at least speak a gracious word, if the opportunity to do the one or the other comes in their way, it is unfortunately true that few men have the time, even had they the inclination to go out of their way to find persons upon whom to bestow gracious words, much less kind acts. If you would have a share of good things in this life, you must keep in the swim; be on hand when the distribution takes place. There are many people in the world, and the chances are whatever there is to be passed around there won't be enough for all. Reach out your hand with the rest, or most surely you will be left. You habitually keep away from the lodge; possibly you are always behind in your dues and assessments; when the Order is brought up in conversation, you are about as well qualified to speak of its doings as of the cuneform inscriptions on the pyramids or the primordial germ theory; you lock yourself up in your own narrow individual environment, and throw the key overboard, and then expect that the world will leave everything else and go fishing for that key in order to release you. And it doesn't make any difference whether it is a lodge, church or engine company; if you don't show yourself occasionally and show that you are interested, you will be let severely alone, you will be utterly forgotten, and you won't get any benefit out of it. But instead of shutting yourself up in your own exclusiveness, suppose you come out of your hide-bound foolishness and bear a hand with the rest of 'em; my word for it, you will soon find that there is a great deal in the lodge organization, and before you are aware of it, you will have gotten lots of benefit out of it.

To lodge organizations and the true human fellowship begotten, fostered and perpetuated through attendance upon fraternal gatherings and observance of principles and precepts there inculcated and practiced, individuals owe much, and the race of man is very deeply indebted.

Gather as often as possible about lodge altars, and assist to the extent of your ability to fan fraternal fires into a bright and constant glow that shall warm into friendships loyal and lasting, and which, gradually extending with the growth of the order, will tend to assist other fraternities.

BEING SUDDENLY ASKED TO SPEAK

This call is really a surprise. I am a very bashful man, but unfortunately am so constructed physically as to be unable to make people understand that I am backward about coming forward. If a bashful man knows he has to speak it just spoils all his fun; he can't enjoy the entertainment a bit until his part of it is over. If friends must expose my inability to talk well, thanks are due them for not letting me know I should be called upon and allowing me to thoroughly enjoy myself up to this time. I have talked with men who have a reputation as after-dinner speakers who assured me that they could not half enjoy a dinner while trying to pull together thoughts worth uttering at its close.

It is said even of Chauncey Depew, that in company with ladies he was looking over a famous collection of paintings, among which was one of Daniel in the lion's den. One lady asked why it was that Daniel, who was

in great danger, should look so happy and contented. Mr. Depew said he thought Daniel appeared so happy because he knew that when the banquet was over he would not be called upon for an after-dinner speech. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin." "There are others" who feel shaky about speech-making.

A boy wrenched his leg, and his mother insisted on calling in an osteopath. This party manipulated the leg very freely and rather roughly for a time, then assuring the mother that he had everything in place and that the boy would soon be well, took his leave. The mother, thinking such manipulations must have been painful, complimented the boy on his courage and fortitude during the ordeal. The boy replied: "You don't think I was fool enough to give that osteopath the sore leg." If not satisfied with my talk I can take refuge in claiming that the wrong leg was pulled.

FAREWELL REMARKS

At this parting banquet you call for farewell remarks, and since the time my wife surprised me kissing a pretty girl I've not been at such a loss for speech. My remarks on that occasion might have been appropriately alluded to as "the infinity of silence." There is a saying that "out of a full heart the mouth speaketh," but I find it about as difficult to talk when the heart is full as when the breath is short. The "lump in the throat" is worse than a strangle hold."

"There are billows far out on the ocean
That never will break on the beach;
So waves upon waves of emotion
May find no expression in speech."

I find myself "too full for utterance"—full of gratitude for many proofs of your friendship and esteem; full of regret for being under the necessity of severing my connection with "so goodly a company." What can I say that is fitting and worthy of this occasion? When most we feel, then are we least capable of giving our emotion vent in well chosen words. Elegant diction can seldom grace farewell remarks, for: "Of all such speech the silent part is best; of all expression, that which cannot be expressed." What is harder to appropriately frame in words than the bitter-sweet of farewells?

Friends, I thank you from the depths of my nature for this evening's manifestation of your kindly regard. I would be less than human if not deeply moved by it; less than human if I could fitly and fully express in words the emotions such kindly conduct engenders; only by "putting yourselves in my place" can you imagine my feelings and fairly understand what I would but cannot say.

> "The ocean's deeps are mute; the shallows roar.
> Thought, sentiment, feeling are as the ocean;
> Words are but the bruit along the shore."

I am about to leave you; I regret the going, but duty calls me to other fields where I hope to find friends as true, companions as pleasant as those I leave behind. But no matter what new ties may be formed, wherever business or duty may lead me, wherever I may roam, under whatever skies I may dwell, I assure you I shall remember the good fellows here with gratitude for their kindliness, and will never cease to recall with pleasure the jolly times we have spent together. "Never can my soul forget the friends I found so cordial hearted." I

shall bear with me memories of pleasurable hours, rich in social joys and jewelled with pure delights that will glow through charmed air, soft as midsummer night's dewy breath, bright and constant as the stars. Moments like these may be "as flowers that fade," but remembrance of them are a lasting perfume.

TOAST—TO THE LADIES

With my toast comes a great opportunity to lose both reputation and hair. The ladies have been and always will be a favorite theme for poets, painters, sculptors, song writers and speakers during moments of inspiration —*or recklessness.* However much I might desire to be so at this moment, I assure you I am not inspired, but just reckless enough to attempt "making good" for the apportionment accorded me.

It is said: "God made man; male and female made He them." Ladies are the best, the very best, part of humankind. They are more womanly than just women, and their influence tends to make men more manly than mere men. The ladies have ever been the moulding, refining, purifying and elevating influence to make men and the world better and brighter. They are the ruling spirits of human society, the supreme queens of the universe to whom men bow and for whom men plan, labor and dare. Even such a prince among men as the great lawyer and diplomat, Choate, when asked who he would rather be if not himself, cast his eyes about until they encountered the gaze of his wife, meekly bowed his head and said in a tone of abject submission: "I would rather be Mrs. Choate's second husband," The big, courag-

eous, lion-hearted man openly accepts the supremacy of some lady. Men who are brave, as well as those who are simply gallant, acknowledge the sway of the fair sex, and no toast will be more honored by loyal — — — — than "to the ladies." We hold them dear not merely because they are the most expensive part of our outfit, but because we sincerely reverence them.

To the mother who watched our cradle; whose bosom pillowed our childhood; whose sheltering arms encircled our boyhood; whose advice and sympathy guided and encouraged our youth, and whose loving care extends even into our manhood. To the sister whose gentle affection for us, unchanged by the years, is as true today as when we were children of one household. To the dear girl whose sweetness, purity, truth and loyalty were as a glimpse of heaven to our budding and awkward manhood, and to whom we pledged our sacred troth. To the wife, our partner, mate, comrade, chum; the lady who confidingly placed her hand in ours, who keeps close, constant and uncomplainingly at our side; who ministers to our comforts, inspires, encourages, brightens, sympathizes with and betters us. To the daughter whose fond and jealous eye can see in us no littleness or fault; whose unalloyed affection is a solace and a safeguard. Let us ever revere and cherish these as the brightest jewels of earth, gracious gifts, blessings without compare.

Let the toast then be to "The Ladies,"
All hearts that are manly approve;
The toast, the toast is "The Ladies,"
So give cheers for those whom you love;
Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
All cheer for The Ladies we love;
Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

STARTLETS FOR SPEECHLETS

FRIENDS: Being a very modest and bashful man such eulogistic introduction as has just been accorded me is really embarrassing. I am convinced that Brother Blank has somehow either formed an extravagant and unwarranted opinion of me or has allowed the occasion, or that which goes with it, to influence him to the extent of over-stating the actual facts, for he has so clothed the real with word-woven fanciful fabrics of rhetorical finery that I can hardly recognize myself in the gauzy attire. Bob Burdette tells us he tired of buying milk the cream of which went to the bottom instead of rising to the top, and decided to own a cow. He purchased what appeared to be a mild-mannered and docile lady bovine after seeing her milked once and being satisfied with the process and product. When milking time came, he repaired to the afore-mentioned lady bovine's presence to exact the lacteal tribute due. He confesses to being somewhat confused as to the subsequent events, but says he is quite sure he was polite, and followed the ceremonious formula customary at such functions, and asked her cowship to so, and as far as he could determine she so'd. He then requested her to histe, and he is quite convinced that she histed, and he dolefully added, while tenderly feeling of his court plastered and bandaged bruises: "I am inclined to the opinion that she overdid the matter and put too much expression in it." Now I am inclined to think brother Blank overdid my introduction; that he put too much expression in it. I am quite sure I shall not be able to meet all the expectations he has thus created of me.

Ready-made Speechlets

An ignorant man announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature. "But you can't make a speech," objected a friend. "Oh that doesn't make any difference," innocently responded the candidate, "for the House always elects a Speaker." Now I wish lodges could elect a speaker and relieve a bashful man from the embarrassments of such occasions as this.

A great many years ago a very wise gentleman gave it as his opinion that "there is nothing new under the sun," and Josh Billings, while "serving time" on earth indorsed Solomon's views when he said: "Mi private opinyun iz—that originality in writing waz plade out long ago and the very best enny man kan do iz to steal with good judgment." There are so many local and other occasions where speaking is on the program or is indulged in without previous notice, and so many speeches suitable to such occasions are cribbed, adapted, trimmed or redressed and repeated, it is difficult nowadays for one to say much that some one, at some time, has not already sprung at a similar occasion. Most of the stories and talks suitable for occasions like this have been told and heard, and are therefore considered "chestnuts" by some present. About Thanksgiving time the turkey gobbler said he wasn't afraid to die, but being stuffed with chestnuts afterward made him nervous. These occasions are really enjoyable if it were not for fear of being called on to crack chestnuts for the crowd. As my cracker is out of order this evening, you will surely be kind enough to excuse me from working it.

"A Swindle" is the name that appears over the office door of a struggling lawyer in the city of Stratford, Ont.

A friend of the unfortunate gentleman suggested the advisability of his writing out his first name in full, thinking that Arthur or Andrew Swindle, as the case may be, would sound better and look better than the significant "A Swindle." When Swindle with tears in his eyes, whispered to him that his name was Adam, the friend understood and was silent.

Now as your chairman has announced I will make a speech, and I feel that I am not "up to" such an undertaking. I fear that the announcement, coupled with the fulfillment, may be labeled with the aforesaid unfortunate lawyer's name. Oh, no, you would not swear. You would only pronounce a proper name—a most proper name for a lawyer. Beecher said there were times when one must swear or burst, and he did not believe in bursting. By simply "calling up" our Canadian lawyer, you may on this occasion avoid both these extreme measures and still relieve yourselves of sentiments relative to any remarks being characterized as "a speech."

I find myself, at this time, somewhat in the predicament of the stuttering chap who, by the rules of the club, had to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story. He said: "F-f-f-fellows, like W-W-Washington, I c-c-can't t-t-t-tell a st-st-story; like Old Hickory, I c-c-can't s-sing, like Grant, I can't make a sp-sp-speech, but I can let a f-f-fellow make one for me. Brother Blank is just bursting to let loose a speech, so I will make way for him. [When so desired this can be arranged to end with a song or story instead of speech.]

The best way for me to assist in the speech-making is in the manner a lady assisted her husband in his literary labors:

Mrs. Penfield—"My husband has found a way by which he says I'm of the greatest assistance to him in his literary work."

Mrs. Muchtalk—"How nice that is, but how are you able to do it?"

Mrs. Penfield—"As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."

A society dude asked Miss Oldmaid if she thought marriage a failure. She answered: "I don't know that marriage is a failure, but I know of efforts in that direction which have been," and she sighed dismally. I don't wish to intimate that speech-making on this occasion is a failure, but I am seriously concerned lest this effort at it will be.

It is said when a Frenchman is intoxicated he wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech. I assure you all I am perfectly sober, and yet do not want to attempt a speech. Moreover, I suspect before I am through, few of you will be in a condition to wish me to try another.

In answer to your call I rise with diffidence, and I will in all likelihood give you enough of it. I am capable of the worst kinds of oratorical somersaults.

How to Speak in Public

I make no pretense to the gift of expression or any other talent that assists to acceptable speech-making, and I have no desire to make a ridiculous show of myself by attempting something I am not fitted for. I enjoy speeches only when attempted or accomplished by others. My silent part is best. Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed is both my "long suit" and "trump." I am not afflicted with verbal plethora, therefore, have few words to spew over these occasions. I would like to acquit myself credibly when speech-making is in order, but fear I shall never be able to do so. I don't seem to be built that way. The quiz master asked a medical student to name the bones of the skull. He answered: "I have got them all in my head but cannot think of their names." Now my speeches are in my head, but tongue or lips cannot coax them out.

A little girl on returning for the first time at church, was asked how she liked it. She said she liked everything except the piece the minister spoke. I am afraid you will like everything about my speech except the piece I speak.

An Irishman was accused by his master of treating the dog cruelly every morning so it howled. He protested that he could not be cruel to any poor dumb creature; that he was ordered to cut off the puppy's tail, and not wanting to hurt him more than necessary, he cut off a little every morning to make it easy for him. To make it easy for you I will give you my "tale of woe" in sections—and finish some other time.

A certain widow had engaged to marry a bachelor doctor of the village. She called her little boy to her and said: "Willie, I am going to do something before long, and want to tell you about it. I am intending to marry Mr. Blank in a few days." Whereat Willie replied: "Bully for you, ma. Does Mr. Blank know it?" Your chairman has told you I would make a speech. I wish I knew it. However, I will do what I can at it.

This unexpected call for a speech from me has just about upset me and spilled my ideas. It makes me feel very much like the lady who had just obtained a divorce —completely unmanned.

A minister called on one of the sisters who had a very large family that had recently been added to. As he was about to leave she suggested: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No, he replied, "and I never expect to." Now you haven't heard my last story, but here is the last one for to-night.

A minister, after entering the pulpit, discovered he had left the notes prepared for his sermon at home. It was too late to send for them. In explaining his predicament to the audience, he said he would have to depend on the Lord for something to say, but at the evening service he would come better prepared. Now I am not mean enough to pull the Lord into my scrape, but I would be glad to be better prepared for this occasion.

FRATERNAL TOASTS

Fraternity is embodied friendship; not visionary but real as truth; not abstract but incarnate. May each new

day be fraught with deeds of faith and love like those passed between David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias, knitting their souls together in true friendship, beam upon you from our glorious order, as upon the pathway of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Realize the sublime stanza of Schiller:

"Have love—not love for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all."

Blessed be our order. It stands for the brotherhood of man and for the home around which clusters the tenderest and best sentiments of the human heart. Like the spirit of liberty enlightening the world, like fountains in the desert watering a favored spot of earth and imparting fertility; like the Temple of Truth standing four-square to every wind that blows, its every act and principle in harmony with the highest planes of human thought, aspiration and life.

"Men are growing more fraternal,
You can see it on the street,
Indicated by the emblems worn
By hundreds that you meet.
Have you seen the — — — — button?
Here it is upon my coat,
And 'tis fraught with deeper meaning
Than a passing glance would note."

In closing I wish you all heavy purses and light hearts.

"A friend in the morning, a sweetheart at night,
To fill you with pleasure and blissful delight."

May you always look about you with pleasure and above with gratitude.

May we always look upon the faults and frailities of others with the same eyes we look upon our own, and never forget that "to err is human, to forgive divine."

May the best day that you have seen be the worst that is to come.

Here's a toast to everybody; let none be slighted.

Let fraternity among all members pervade with its sweet and pleasing essence the entire atmosphere of this and other orders, hastening the day

"When man to man the world over,
Shall brother be and a' that."

May peace, harmony and concord exist among all [here fill in the name of order] and may every idle dispute and frivolous distinction be buried in oblivion.

May we be more ready to correct our own faults than to publish the errors of a brother.

May unity, friendship and brotherly love ever distinguish the brethren of our order.

May we never condemn in a brother what we would excuse in ourselves.

To every pure and faithful heart who acts the true — — — — part.

Let us toast every brother, both ancient and young who bridles his passions and governs his tongue.

May the hearts of — — — — — agree, although their heads should differ.

May every brother have a heart to feel and a hand to extend toward the stranger within our lodge room.

May — — — — — prove as universal as it is honorable and helpful.

May we never murmur without cause, or have cause to murmur.

May no — — — — — make a sword of his tongue to wound the sensibilities or reputation of another.

May we always part with regret and meet again with pleasure.

May we always be able to look forward with pleasure and backward without regret.

May all disagreements be written in sand and our friendships in marble.

May you be crowned with length of days, and always command success by deserving it.

TOASTS

To present a toast at a home gathering, a social session of a fraternal order, or banquet table is a delightful accomplishment. There is always a demand for the one who is ever ready with an appropriate sentiment, and he who carries a pocket full of these roses of good cheer and love's messages, to throw to those around him, is certainly to be envied. Byron, that prince of toast-

makers, expounds the philosophy of pleasure in these words:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda water the day after."

Cassius, in the tent scene of Julius Cæsar, exclaims to Brutus,

"Give me a bowl of wine—in this I bury all unkindness."

And thus again Cassius pours forth his love to Brutus:

"My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup,—
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love."

We read of a fountain in Arabia upon whose basin is inscribed, "Drink and away," but how delicious is that hasty draught, and how long and brightly the thought of its transient refreshment dwells in the memory! Some believe in presenting a toast in the red juice of a crushed grape, others in the crystal water of the mountain spring. "Wine, to strengthen friendship and light the flame of love," and "Water, bright, sparkling with glee, the gift of our God, and the drink of the free."

"Here's to the one I love
And may that one be he,
Who loves but one,
And may that one be me."

FRATERNITY OPENS THE GATES OF OUR HEARTS

Come, thou crown of speech. Come, thou charm of peace. Come, thou blessing of fraternity. Open the gates of our hearts. Lift the weight of our joy as we

provide fraternal insurance protection for our loved ones. Let it roll on and on until it washes the unseen shores of eternity.—*E. C. Spinney, President of Bankers' Union of the World, Omaha, Neb.*

THE SUN'S RAYS OF FRATERNITY

May the influence of fraternal societies never wane; may their role of honor ever increase until all parts of the civilized world shall be lighted and warmed by the sun rays of fraternity.—*W. W. Dodge, Worthy President, Fraternal Order of Eagles, Aerie 150, Burlington, Iowa.*

Here's to those I love,
Here's to those who love me,
Here's to those who love those I love,
And here's to those who love those who love me.

—*Famous Toast of Ouida.*

HARSH WORDS

"Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words;
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

—*Carleton*

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.—*Lowell.*

TO MOTHER

To the one who loves us when fortune's bright,
But more when the sky's overcast;
Whose heart reveals, yet more conceals,
Our mother! first and last!

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.—*Poor Richard's Almanac.*

RIP VAN WINKLE

Here's to your good health, and your family's good health,
And may you all live long and prosper.

—*Used by Joseph Jefferson.*

Here's to you, old friend, may you live a thousand years,
Just to sort of cheer things in this vale of human tears;
And may I live a thousand too—a thousand—less a day,
'Cause I wouldn't care to be on earth and hear you'd passed away.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in stranger's gardens.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

TO THE NEXT MEETING

Happy are we met,
Happy have we been;
Happy may we part,
And happy meet again.

TO YOU

Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true.
Here's to the girl that rules my heart—
In other words, here's to you.

TO EVERY FATE

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

—*Lord Byron*

TO FATHER TIME

I'll name a toast to you, I think, Old Father Time;
There's none to whom I'd rather drink or rather rhyme,
If you'll give me, when I reach life's brink,
Some farther time.

The gladdest day that ever dawned
This morning's sunrise brought;
Past days are only shadows now;
The future but a thought.

TO THE CHURCH

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands:
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

—A. Cleveland Coxe

Hang Sorrow! Care will kill a cat—
And therefore let's be merry.

—George Wither

TO TO-DAY

The gladdest place creation holds
Is this bright world right here,
For heaven is a far off hope,
And hell is but a fear.

TO TO-DAY

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow! why to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years!

—Omar Khayyam

TOASTS—PATRIOTIC

Here's to the ships of our navy,
Here's to the ladies of our land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

—*Scott*

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

—*Longfellow*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

—*Longfellow*

GOT THE BEST OF THEM ALL

Benjamin Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen in Paris when one of them said: "Three nationalities are represented here this evening. I am French, my friend is English and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each of us propose a toast." It was

agreed to and the Englishman, who was accorded first honors, arose, and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

THE ROYAL CORN

Aye, the corn, the Royal Corn,
Within whose yellow heart
There is health and strength for all the nations.

Gov. R. J. Oglesby, of Illinois

THE SOUL

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body, for when we seem the most secure from passions we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill when we appear to be in good health.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer to truth than we do to ourselves.

None deserve the character of being good who have not spirit enough to be bad; goodness, for the most part, is either indolence or impotence.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Ready-made Speechlets

PARALLEL PROVERBS
(ENGLISH AND JAPANESE)

Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Too many boatmen will run the boat on to a mountain.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.
Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.

There is no accounting for tastes.
Even a worm likes smartweed.

A fountain cannot rise higher than its source.
From the spawn of frogs there will be nothing but frogs.

Out of evil good may come.
The lotus springs from the slime in the pond.

Avoid even the appearance of evil.
Do not stop to tie your sandal in the melon patch of another.

TO THE END

May we all come to peaceful ends,
And leave our debts unto our friends.

PART FOUR

Masterpieces of Oratory Poetry

Choice Selections etc.

PART IV.

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Masterpieces *of* Oratory, Poetry, Choice Selections, Etc.

PART IV

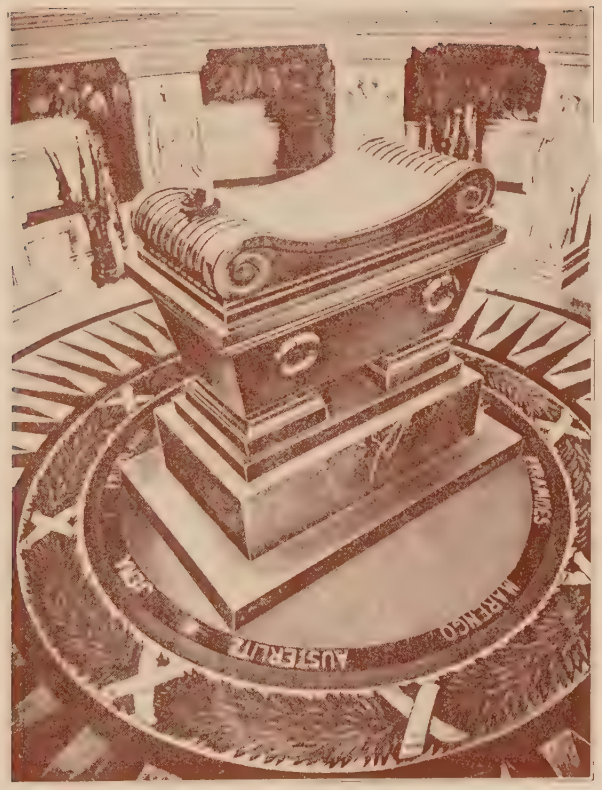
CHAPTER XIV

Masterpieces of Oratory, Poetry, Choice Selections, Etc.

Ingersoll at the Tomb of Napoleon

READ CAREFULLY the following wonderful word picture by Ingersoll. Try and visualize each scene. Let the mental image of Napoleon dominate each picture. Note the ordering of thought and expression increasing in significance, interest and intensity until the climax is reached. Note the contrast in the last paragraph between the peasant and Napoleon. Then memorize the entire selection by the principles of the Three Laws of Memory, using "Interrogative Analysis." Do not attempt to memorize this selection, or indeed any selection, without first forming in your mind a mental picture. Then repeat aloud the idea, the thought, the word picture of each sentence and ask and answer every question you can think of aloud. Do not memorize silently. If you cannot afford to disturb others at study by talking aloud, articulate with the lips and whisper the words. This will do for all practical purposes.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of



Tomb of Napoleon

rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of all the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather

have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

The following sketch of Thomas Jefferson was written by a pupil with no special literary experience or training. Although it is modeled on "Ingersoll's Tomb of Napoleon," it is most interesting and will encourage others to prepare like sketches. Let the ambitious student outline a sketch of George Washington on the same model. Paraphrasing, translating written thought into his own words as rapidly as possible is excellent practice. Popular poems, public speeches can all be treated in a similar manner.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

A short time ago I stood before that beautiful painting, the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. My eyes passed from one patriot to another until they rested on a face which revealed benevolence and intelligence. It was that great commoner, Thomas Jefferson. I looked at that face and I reviewed the life of one of the greatest patriots of America.

In imagination I saw him as a boy pursuing his favorite studies of mathematics and philosophy. I saw him as a young man in the House of Burgesses pulling up the roots of aristocracy by advocating the passage of the laws of entail and primogeniture. I saw him at that early

Signing the Declaration of Independence

day, eighty years before Lincoln's proclamation introducing a bill for the emancipation of the slaves. I thought of the Declaration of Independence, that great American Magna Charta, the noblest and most daring assertion of the rights of man ever written or uttered. I saw him as Governor of Virginia, plunging his steed through the pathless woods and escape from a regiment of pursuing red coats. I saw him in the Cabinet meetings battling against the aristocratic tendencies of Alexander Hamilton. I saw him become president of a republic in whose construction he was one of the principal architects, and I wondered at the marvellous foresight of this man, as I thought of the purchase of Louisiana. Louisiana, stretching from the frontiers of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico; from the Mississippi River to the snow crested mountains of the west. Louisiana, drained by the Mississippi River and developed by the brain and muscle of the American pioneer has helped to place this nation in the front rank of nations. I also thought of the Lewis and Clark expedition into the unknown and untrodden wilds of the west and the spreading of the wings of the American Eagle from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. I saw him retire from public life to his beloved Monticello, loved and respected by his countrymen to whom he was ever generous and whose cause he was ever ready to defend.

Now I heard the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, proclaiming to the world the joy of millions of liberty-loving people, celebrating the birthday of a new nation. Now, the cannons roar change to deep groans and the bells seemed to say: "Alas, Thomas Jefferson's soul has passed away.

And I said to myself, as I gazed, I would rather have been Thomas Jefferson, living in pure democratic simplicity and whose life was filled with a continuous and earnest endeavor to elevate mankind, than to have been some foreign potentate of infinite power, surrounded by all the pleasures and luxuries of life. I would rather have been that great defender of religious and civil liberty, that first great emancipator, that great champion of humanity's cause, than to have been Ivan the Terrible, imperious ruler of all the Russias, master of a nation of cowering serfs.

INGERSOLL'S VISION OF THE WAR

This selection, the peroration of a Decoration Day oration, has never been surpassed. Ingersoll recited the whole from memory. He was a marvellous master of language and possessed a wonderful power for visualizing. He could enter into an exalted, dreamy mood and weave pictures of the past fascinating in the extreme.

The past rises before me, as it were, like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We

hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes die. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the

midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

E. KELLOGG

Contrast is a law of memory by which any given idea or emotional state is made more striking by setting it over against its opposite. No greater contrast in literature is afforded than in the following selection where Spartacus contrasts the touching picture of his happy, youthful life, with the ruin and desolation of his home after the invasion of the Romans. His voice is full of tenderness as he dwells upon his boyhood days and the loving care of his mother, but in an instant gives way to violent rage as he recalls the murder of his father and mother and the ruin of his home. The author first contrasts the quietness of the moon-silvered amphitheatre with the shouts of revelry and day of triumph just past.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the

smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepard's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together of our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I

knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, and the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph, I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay. And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans,' And so fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid, shepherd lad, who never new a harsher tone than

a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint: taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts,* then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men,*—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians,—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

The "Mona Lisa" of Leonardi da Vinci

THE MASTERPIECE OF GOD.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Extract from an essay on Leonardo da Vinci in Volume X of "Little Journeys."

The "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci, the most famous portrait in the world, for which an offer of $5,000,000 is said to have been refused, has been as much a riddle as the sphinx itself. For four years,—1501 to 1504—Leonardo, friend of Francesco del Giocondo, of Florence, spent his spare moments at work on the painting. The model was Mona Lisa, third wife of Giocondo. The artist worked at the painting only when a certain expression appeared on his model's face, brought about by a peculiar strain of music. Leonardo sold the portrait to his patron Francis I, of France, who kept it locked jealously in his palace at Fontainbleau. On his death Louis XIV had it hung in his bed-chamber at Versailles. Following his demise it was transferred to the Louvre, where it since has attracted world-wide attention.

"What is she smiling at?" ever has been the unsolved riddle. She has been declared the emanation of the intellectual, sentimental and poetic power of her time, with all the mystery of the human soul and all its destiny. The painting is also called "La Joconde" or "Gioconda," and is known as the most perfect work of art ever produced.

Among Da Vinci's other works the most famous are "The Last Supper," painted on the walls of Santa Maria della Grazie about 1498. It faded after about ten years, and has frequently been restored.

The human face is the masterpiece of God.

A woman's smile may have in it more sublimity than a sunset; more pathos than a battle-scarred landscape; more warmth than the sun's bright rays; more love than words can say. The human face is the masterpiece of God.

The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed; it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of a summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves,—too faint at times for human ears,—elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek over the bosom of a placid lake.

And yet men have caught expression and held it captive. On the walls of the Louvre hangs the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. This picture has been for four hundred years an exasperation and an inspiration to every portrait-painter who has put brush to palette. Well does Walter Pater call it "The Despair of Painters." The artist was over fifty years of age when he began the work, and he was four years in completing the task.

Completing, did I say? Leonardo's dying regret was that he had not completed this picture. And yet we might say of it, as Ruskin said of Turner's work, "By no conceivable stretch of the imagination can we say where this picture can be bettered or improved upon."

There is in the face all you can read into it and nothing more. It gives you what you bring and nothing else. It is as silent as the lips of Memnon, as voiceless as the Sphinx. It suggests to you every joy that you have ever felt, every sorrow you have ever known, every triumph you have ever experienced.

This woman is beautiful, just as all life is beautiful

when we are in health. She has no quarrel with the world—she loves and she is loved again. No vain longing fills her heart, no feverish unrest disturbs her dreams, for her no crouching fears haunt the passing hours—that ineffable smile which plays around her mouth says plainly that life is good. And yet the circles about the eyes and the drooping lids hint of world-weariness and speak the message of Koheleth, and say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"La Gioconda" is infinitely wise, for she has lived. That supreme poise is only possible to one who knows. All the experiences and emotions of manifold existence have etched and moulded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of the soul.

Back of her stretches her life, a mysterious purple shadow. Do you not see the palaces turned to dust, the broken columns, the sunken treasures, the creeping mosses, and the rank ooze of fretted waters that have undermined cities and turned kingdoms into desert seas? The galleys of pagan Greece have swung wide for her on the unforgetting tide, for her soul dwelt in the body of Helen of Troy, and Pallas Athene has followed her ways and whispered to her even the secrets of the gods. Aye! not only was she Helen, but she was Leda, the mother of Helen. Then she was St. Anne, mother of Mary; and next she was Mary, visited by an angel in a dream, and followed by the wise men who had seen the Star in the East. The centuries, that are but thoughts, found her a Vestal Virgin in Pagan Rome, when brutes were kings and lust stalked rampant through the streets. She was the bride of Christ and her fair frail body was

flung to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb while the multitude feasted on the sight.

True to the central impulse of her soul the Dark Ages rightly called her Cecilia, and then St. Cecilia, mother of sacred music, and later she ministered to men as Melania, the Nun of Tagaste; next as the daughter of William the Conqueror, the Sister of Charity who went through Italy, Spain, and France, and taught the women of the nunneries how to sew, to weave, to embroider, to illuminate books and make beauty, truth, and harmony manifest to human eyes. And so to this Lady of the Beautiful Hands stood to Leonardo as the embodiment of a perpetual life; moving in a constantly ascending scale, gathering wisdom, graciousness, love, even as he himself in this life met every experience halfway and counted it joy, knowing that experience is the germ of power.

Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand. The human face is the masterpiece of God.

ELMER E. ROGERS ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The speaker who succeeds in interesting an audience of children will have no trouble with older persons. Of all methods of acquiring the art of speaking impressively to an audience, attempting to interest children from five to fifteen years of age is the most helpful. The following address by Elmer E. Rogers, of the Chicago bar, was given under the auspices of The Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee, before the Public Schools of

Chicago. The subject was: "Lincoln's Pluck and Luck—What About Ours?"

Principal, Teachers, Ladies and Gentlemen, Girls and Boys:

The world first hears from us when we are born; and sees the last of us when we die. What we do while in life is called Deeds,—good, bad, or otherwise. Our parents and friends remember us after we are gone. But if after we are dead we are remembered by our Ward, City, State, Nation or the World—why, that's Fame! President Abraham Lincoln is Famous.

That little log-cabin, backwood's boy (called by his chums Abe Linkern), now our deified martyr, enjoyed no schooling except the equivalent of a term or two; yet he figured actively in deeds of war, law, peace and politics, attaining distinction in each and all. From log hut, or shanty, to White House is a long political jump, yet Lincoln, the rail-splitter and athlete, spanned it! Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. Washington was the "father of his country," Jefferson its organizer, and Lincoln its Conservator.

Lincoln's birth occurred 100 years ago. 1809 was the birth year of many women and men wondrous wise and great. Lincoln was obliged to dress in clothing made from the skins of wild beasts; to live on roasted corn, hominy and "Johnny-cake." Nevertheless, he almost committed to memory, as Bonaparte had done, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Æsop's Fables, Plutarch's Lives, and particularly Weem's Washington. Dennis Hanks and Abe said that they learned by "sight, scent and hearing." Lincoln was a school within him-

self, and despite misfortune, he lived to be honored with a degree by Princeton University. In the early times the teacher scarcely new beyond the "rule of three"; while any person with a knowlede of Latin was a neighborhood wonder; and a college graduate would have been a good drawing-card for a dime museum.

President Lincoln had read of an attempt to make the Negro's skin white by persistent washing, which only gave him a cold from which he nearly died. Gave not Lincoln a cold but the negro. There is a better way, soliloquizes Lincoln; and so he set about to free the Slave, and sent Rebellion reeling to the grave. Lincoln and Lee were the greatest men involved in the Rebellion. Lincoln's death was deplored as a great loss to the South during the period of reconstruction. Lincoln was one of the most bitterly assailed men in public life—by press and public, and in cartoon—but President Lincoln was one of the most speedy to recover his prestige. Mr. Lincoln deplored the harsh criticism and indiscriminate abuse of anybody as well as of public personages. Even assassination has never changed the trend of events in the world.

No other country in the world presents such Opportunities for the Boy and Girl of today as America. In the American Commonwealth we are informed that "America is only another Name for Opportunity." President Garfield once remarked that the best thing that could happen to a boy or girl was to get thrown overboard into the water; he never knew of one to drown who was worth saving.

"Luck is only Pluck,
In trying over and over;
Patience and Will,
Courage and Skill,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover."

"Genius," says Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, "is partly *in*spiration, but mostly *per*spiration. "With Lincoln it was mostly perspiration. Gladstone and Mendelssohn, born the same year as Lincoln, had wealth and influence at their command, while Lincoln had nothing but his own pluck to forge him to the front.

Lincoln's name is in the Hall of Fame. Among the Greats! To miss our object in life is not necessarily to fail. Henry Clay and William J. Bryan thrice "run" for the presidency. Who will say that both are not great men? Bryan is probably our most distinguished private citizen. Clay's and Bryan's lives are not failures. The world needs just such men to keep the balance wheel of civilization in balance. They are of much service to mankind. Lincoln himself proved to be a failure in "business." While running a store he was so deeply absorbed in books that the customers ate his apples and forgot to pay their bills. Artemus Ward once was patted on the head with the remark, "My boy, there is a great future before you." Abraham's stepmother had faith in Lincoln's great future, but while he was engaged in the business of storekeeping, it must have appeared to Lincoln that his future was mostly behind him.

But Lincoln was resourceful. Resourcefulness is a Great Secret of Success today as well as in the olden days. Somebody asked Lincoln how long a man's legs ought to be. Lincoln replied that he thought they ought to be about long enough to reach to the ground. Crook and Hook were two officers in the Civil War. Lincoln said, "Well, we'll win by Hook or Crook." During the war a delegation of prominent men came on from New York to plead with the President to send a warship to protect New York harbor, which proved that Lincoln was never abashed in the presence of distinguished personages. The men said they represented hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property which must be protected. Lincoln replied that if he had as much money as they he believed he would build a warship himself and present it to the government.

Study critically the careers of great and successful men and women. President McKinley is said to have made a careful study of the life work of the presidents who preceded him in his own efforts to reach the office of Chief Magistracy of our Republic. Carnegie offers some wholesome advice on how to get on in the world. Instead of being a "jack-of-all-trades" he says, "put all of your eggs in one basket and then watch the basket." This means to concentrate your efforts. We hear so much about finding that "lost speech" of Lincoln's. Most of our speakers are so different from Lincoln that before they have gone very far the audiences begin to wish that both the speakers and their speeches had got lost before they mounted the platform. Lincoln's habits of study, writing and speaking marked everything he

said or wrote notable for its brevity. A good lesson for us of today.

Three ideals I hold up for your emulation—Lincoln, Roosevelt, Bryan. All of these men are distinguished for exemplary characters. None, I believe, ever used liquor or tobacco, besides, they are good models in a multitude of characteristics.

LIBERTY

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO LIBERTY, BY HENRY GEORGE.

Liberty came to a race of slaves crouching under Egyptian whips, and let them forth from the House of Bondage. She hardened them in the desert and made of them a race of conquerors. The free spirit of the Mosaic law took their thinkers up to heights where they beheld the unity of God, and inspired the poets with strains that yet phrase the highest exaltations of thought. Liberty dawned on the Phenician coast, and ships passed the Pillars of Hercules to plow the unknown sea. She shed a partial light on Greece, and marble grew to shapes of ideal beauty, words became the instruments of subtlest thought, and against scanty militia of free cities the countless hosts of the Great King broke like surges against a rock. She cast her beams on the four-acre farms of Italian husbandmen, and born of her strength a power came forth that conquered the world. They glinted from shields of Germany warriors, and Augustus wept his legions. Out of the night that followed her eclipse, her slanting rays fell again on free cities, and a lost learning revived; modern civilization began, a new world was unveiled; and as Liberty grew, so grew art,

wealth, power, knowledge and refinement. In the history of every nation we may read the same truth. It was strength born of Magna Charta that won Crecy and Agincourt. It was the revival of Liberty from the despotism of the Tudors that glorified the Elizabethan age. It was the spirit that brought a crowned tyrant to the block, that planted here the seed of a mighty tree.

GREATNESS OF THE UNIVERSE

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

One may search in vain through literature for a more beautiful description of the length and breadth, the height and depth of the universe, than is given in this extract.

God called up a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying: "Come thou hither and see the glory of My house." And to the servants that stood around His throne He said: "Take him and undress him from the robes of flesh, cleanse his vision and put new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles."

It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled into endless space. Sometimes, with solemn flight of angel wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept along frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motion. Then from a distance that is counted only in heaven light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they, by unutterable pace,

to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and the left towered mighty constellations; here were triumphal gates whose magnificent archways rose in altitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below—below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body—depth was swallowed up in height unsurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable.

Suddenly, as they thus rode from finite to infinite—suddenly, as they thus tilted over abysmal worlds—a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that constellations more glorious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming, were nearing, were at hand!

Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overburdened heart uttered itself in tears, and he said: "Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of the universe. Let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the persecution of the infinite, for end there is none." And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice: "The man speaks truly; end there is none that even yet we have heard of. End there is none!" The angel solemnly demanded: "Is there no end, and is this the sorrow

that kills you?" But no voice answered, that he may answer himself. Then the angel throws up his glorious hands toward the heaven of heavens, saying: "End there is none in the universe of God. Lo! also there was no beginning."

READING FOR THE THOUGHT

JOHN RUSKIN

Especially valuable for analysis.

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself—my sleeves well up to the elbows, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire. Often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fusing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For, though it is only by reason of the

opposition of letters in the function of signs to sounds, in the function of signs that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters, instead of a man of books or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well educated gentlemen may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words, knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille;* remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held among the national *noblesse* of words at any time and in any country. But an educated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person. So also the accent, or

turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

Patrick Henry's impulsive outburst just previous to the breaking out of our War of Independence is the sublimity of patriotism. This is a portion of it:

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom

Patrick Henry Delivering His Celebrated Speech

of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

ORIENT YOURSELF

HORACE MANN

The Germans and French have a beautiful phrase which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say: *"to orient;"* or, *"to orient one's self"*

When a traveler arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points—east, west, north, south—take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the polestar in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground—how best he can intrench his front or cover his flank, how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counter-work another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand results. *He orients himself.*

Young man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few years you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around

your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will; all around your spirit the universe lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself*!

ORIENT YOURSELF! Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys; but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the human heart. Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions—appetite, pride, selfishness—but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies! But study and obey the sublime laws on which the frame of nature was constructed; study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed; and the fullness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness, with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe, shall all be yours!

"THE TREE OUR OLDEST SERVANT"

GOVERNOR STUBBS, OF KANSAS

The genial days of spring call to our memory again the duty we owe to that ancient and useful friend of man—the tree.

In all the ages of the world it's true to our interest and loyal to our service. It has furnished the cradles and coffins of our ancestors; it has given comfort and shelter to the peasant and the prince—to the poor man and the potentate.

Trees have always figured in our divine and patriotic relations. Among them the religion of man was born. Groves were the first cathedrals of our race. Birds, singing in their branches, gave us the first idea of sacred music and the choir. God planted them in Eden for the sustenance of the first parents. From their leaves were fashioned the first garments that covered their nakedness. When God's displeasure threatened the extinction of our race Noah looked into the forest and found there means of salvation. It was under that oak that Jehovah conversed with a great man in Israel. It was in the tree tops that David heard the voice of the Lord. It was among the palms of the Garden of Gethsemane that Jesus spent the last evening of his life. The battle for American freedom was consummated under the apple tree of Appomattox.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

The leading idea of any group or word picture must first be fixed in the mind and then the association, the relation sought after. In the following poem the result is secured by asking questions and answering them as directed in Part III, of The Dickson Lessons on Memory, "Interrogative Analysis:"

(1) To what is Time compared? (2) What kind of a stream? (3) Why? (4) Where does the stream flow? (5) In what manner does it flow? (6) Define rhythm and rhyme. (7) What does Time blend with? These are but few of the many questions that may be asked and answered. After this interrogative analysis, close the eyes and picture silently a river, a long river, one that you have seen before. Observe the perspective. As we cannot imagine Time to have had any beginning, so we cannot see the source of the river. The River Time did not originate in this life, but was flowing long before. The reader will recall many scenes in his own life that will suggest a flood of remembrances. This habit of mental vision if persevered in will always enable you to see everything in the boldest relief. In calling up each vision to the mind wait patiently until it arrives. Afterward fill in the detail.

O a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf; so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

How to Speak in Public

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember'd for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

THANATOPSIS

This exquisite poem of Bryant's was written at the age of eighteen. It was at Cummington, Mass., the poet's birthplace, during his wanderings in the primæval forests, where gigantic trunks of fallen trees lay decaying, and where silent rivulets flowed through mossy banks, and mountains of dead leaves—suggesting to the poet's mind the most remote antiquity, that Bryant conceived the idea of depicting the future state of man. The poet represents that generation after generation of the human race, as they pass away, find an "eternal resting place" in the bosom of the Earth, who thus claims the form she has nourished with her fruits, and mixes it "for ever with the elements." The universality of mortal fate is depicted with a serious iteration and impressiveness which operate with reconciling force.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! . . .
. . . As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

BY THOMAS GRAY

Thomas Gray, known to every school boy as the author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," was born in London, Dec. 26, 1716, and died at Cambridge, England, July 30, 1771. In English literary history he is noted as having refused the poet laureateship. Much of his later life was spent at Stoke Pogis, where he found the scene which inspired his immortal poem. It is difficult to make a selection from a poem where all is as good as in the "Elegy," but the stanzas below are those which certainly none ought to fail to know.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig and lime,
Where song birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar,
In mosque and square and gay bazar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul,
Who sherbet sipped from corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

ALICE CARY

Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarl'd oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
  That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
  That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
  With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest,
  He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
  The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary.
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
  A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
  My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
  Silently cover'd his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

SANDALPHON

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumber'd,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumber'd
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But, serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassion'd and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on Earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore:
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl—
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, it sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spreads his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE PROMISED LAND TO-MORROW

GERALD MASSEY

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
  Go down the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
  We bitterliest need them.
But never sit we down and say:
  "There's nothing left but sorrow;"
We walk the wilderness to-day,
  The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
  There are no flowers blooming;
But life beats in the frozen bough,
  And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
  Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
  Shall float again to-morrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past; our eyes
  With smiling futures glisten;
Lo, now the dawn bursts up the skies—
  Lean out your souls and listen.
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,
  And ripens with our sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom today
  Gives victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
  And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals grave by grave
  Yet beat a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
  Yet newer strength we borrow;
And where our vanguard rests to-day
  Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended;
The earth was wet with blood and tears,
Ere their meek sufferings ended.
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow;
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Then youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a haven of desire
Your yearning opes a portal.
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We sow the golden grain to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.

THE SCULPTOR BOY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

This selection is one of the best short poems of Joaquin Miller. In fact, one of the best short poems by any American author, expressing as it does the true American spirit.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
"Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught by seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword;—
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Columbus on the Deck of the Santa Maria

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Times' burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson; "On! sail on!"

THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG

EDWIN MARKHAM

(Author of "The Man With the Hoe," and Other Poems.)

In his deep breast the kingly poet bears
Eternity, the stir of mystic tides;
And so the thing he touches ever wears
Some mark of the Eternal, and abides.

The kingdoms crumble and the banners go:
More real than they is Richard's ghostly dream,
Iago's smile, the sigh of Romeo,
Or that thin song of "Willow" by the stream.

There is no chart of Prospero's secret isle
Where Ariel made a comrade of the bee;
Yet to some sun it will forever smile,
And listen to the music of some sea.

Huron may waste and Andes bow with time,
Yet that green Wood of Arden will stay fair,—
Still will Orlando weave his tender rhyme,
And fill the forest with his sweet despair.

While empires sink to shadow and depart,
Miranda, Juliet, Imogen, all pure
And folded in the memory of the heart,
Live on in Song's eternity secure.

And that frail cloud that Shelley saw go by—
It will not crumble, it will never fade:
Now is it blown about a magic sky,
And all hearts tremble to its flying shade.
That skylark, soaring in the fields apart,
Passed through his soul, and now the whole world hears:
Now the glad bird that caroled to his heart
Scatters its silver music on the years.
As long as Chimborazo's summit keeps
Its ancient vigil in the lonely skies,
There will be violets where Shakespeare sleeps,
And leaves alive with light where Shelley lies.

COMMITTING TO MEMORY

The advantages of committing to memory passages of real excellence are many. If a thing is read but once or twice there is very little to think over—indeed much reading destroys thinking, just as two pictures on the same negative blur each other. Selections from Shakespeare, the Bible, fine passages of prose and poetry, carefully memorized, furnish the mind with material, create a taste for good literature, give ease and facility of speech, and wealth and beauty of expression. The careful memorizer sees shades of meaning and a harmony of the whole, which escapes the careless reader.

A principal of a city High School recently sent out questions to many prominent citizens, asking among other things, what influence, if any, beautiful memorized thoughts had had upon their lives. The testimony was almost universal in attributing a greater success in life to the noble selections committed to memory when

they were young. In every case there was some reference to the beauty in which the thought was clothed.

If a poem is chosen for memorizing it should be short.

If the poem is a long one, only so much of it should be memorized as contains the illuminating point of the selection. This "Illuminating Point" is always a noble thought, nobly expressed.

Gray's "Elegy" has been called a perfect piece of literature, but it is too long to be committed in its entirety—the illuminating points are confined to a half dozen brilliant stanzas, which may be found on pages 165 and 166.

An ideal length for a complete poem is found in such as "Sandalphon," page 169; "The Chambered Nautilus," page 171; "The Promised Land Tomorrow," page 172; "Columbus," page 174, and others in this book.

Let the student memorize one of these short poems each week, memorizing them even so well that they may be repeated backward if need be. The words and phrases will come naturally into daily use, and in a few weeks the student will find his vocabulary wonderfully enlarged. He will discover how much easier it is to speak a homely, useful English tongue.

These memorized selections should be often reviewed, for a thing to be fixed permanently in the mind, must be forgotten and relearned several times.

Self-Improvement Through Public Speaking

and

If You Can Talk Well

BY

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Whose books on inspiration and self-help are famous the world over, and praised by men and women in every station of life, from the toiling laborer to the ruler of a great nation

CHICAGO
DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY
AUDITORIUM BLDG.

"Mend your speech a little
lest it may mar your fortune"
—Shakespeare

Self-Improvement Through Public Speaking

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

IT does not matter whether he wants to be a public speaker or not, a person should have such complete control of himself, should be so self-reliant and self-poised, that he can get up in any audience, no matter how large or formidable, and express his thoughts clearly and distinctly.

Self-expression in some manner is the only means of developing mental power. It may be in music; it may be on canvas; it may be through oratory; it may come through selling goods or writing a book; but it must come through self-expression.

Self-expression in any legitimate form tends to call out what is in a man, his resourcefulness, inventiveness; but no other form of self-expression develops a man so thoroughly and so effectively, and so quickly unfolds all of his powers, as speaking before an audience.

It is doubtful whether anyone can reach the highest standard of culture without studying the art of expression, especially public vocal expression. In all ages oratory has been regarded as the highest ex-

pression of human achievement. Young people, no matter what they intend to be, whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study.

Nothing else will call out what is in a man so quickly and so effectively as the constant effort to do his best in speaking before an audience. When one undertakes to think on his feet and speak extemporaneously before the public, the power and the skill of the entire man are put to a severe test.

The practice of public speaking, the effort to marshal all one's forces in a logical and forceful manner, to bring to a focus all the power one possesses, is a great awakener of all the faculties. The sense of power that comes from holding the attention, stirring the emotions, or convincing the reason of an audience, gives self-confidence, assurance, self-reliance, arouses ambition and tends to make one more effective in every way.

One's judgment, education, manhood, character, all the things that go to make a man what he is, are being unrolled like a panorama in his effort to express himself. Every mental faculty is quickened, every power of thought and expression stirred and spurred. The speaker summons all his reserves of experience, of knowledge, of natural or acquired ability, and masses all his forces in the endeavor to express himself with power and to capture the approval and applause of his audience.

A writer has the advantage of being able to wait for his moods. He can write when he feels like it; and he knows that he can burn his manuscript again

and again if it does not suit him. There are not a thousand eyes upon him. He does not have a great audience criticizing every sentence, weighing every thought. He does not have to step upon the scales of every listener's judgment to be weighed, as does the orator. He may write as listlessly as he pleases, use much or little of his brain or energy, just as he chooses or feels like doing. No one is watching him. His pride and vanity are not touched, and what he writes may never be seen by anyone. Then, there is always a chance for revision. In music, whether vocal or instrumental, what one gives out is only partially one's own; the rest is the composer's. In conversation, we do not feel that so much depends upon our words; only a few persons hear them, and perhaps no one will ever think of them again. But when a person attempts to speak before an audience, all props are knocked out from under him; he has nothing to lean upon, he can get no assistance, no advice; he must find all his resources in **himself**; he stands absolutely alone. He may have millions of money, broad acres of land, and may live in a palace, but none of these avail him now; his **memory**, his experience, his education, his ability, are all he has; he must be measured by what he says, what he reveals of himself in his speech; he must stand or fall in the estimation of his audience.

Anyone who lays any claim to culture should train himself to think on his feet, so that he can at a moment's notice rise and express himself intelligently. The occasions for after-dinner speaking are increas-

ing enormously. A great many questions which once were settled in the office are now discussed and disposed of at dinners. All sorts of business deals are now carried through at dinners. There was never before any such demand for dinner oratory as to-day.

We know men who have, by dint of hard work and persistent grit, lifted themselves into positions of prominence, and yet they are not able to stand on their feet in public, even to make a few remarks or to put a motion, without trembling like an aspen leaf. They had plenty of opportunities when they were young, at school, in debating clubs, to get rid of their self-consciousness and to acquire ease and facility in public speaking, but they always shrank from every opportunity, because they were timid, or felt that somebody else could handle the debate or questions better.

There are plenty of business men to-day who would give a great deal of money if they could only go back and improve the early opportunities for learning to think and speak on their feet which they threw away. Now they have money, they have position, but they are nobodies when called upon to speak in public. All they can do is to look foolish, blush, stammer out an apology, and sit down.

Some time ago I was at a public meeting when a man who stands very high in the community, who is king in his specialty, was called upon to give his opinion upon the matter under consideration, and he got up and trembled and stammered and could scarcely say his soul was his own. He could not even make a

decent appearance. He had power and a great deal of experience, but there he stood, as helpless as a child, and he felt cheap, mortified, embarrassed. Probably he would have given anything if he had early in life trained himself to speak extemporaneously, so that he could think on his feet and say with power and effectiveness that which he knew.

At the very meeting where this strong man, who had the respect and confidence of everybody who knew him, had made such a miserable failure of his attempt to give his opinion upon the important public matter on which he was well posted, a shallow-brained business man of the same city who hadn't a hundredth part of the other man's practical power in affairs, got up and made a brilliant speech, and strangers no doubt thought that he was much the stronger man. He had simply cultivated the ability to say his best thing on his feet, and the other man had not.

A brilliant young man in New York, who has climbed to a responsible position in a very short time, tells me that he has been surprised on several occasions when he has been called upon to speak at banquets, or at other public functions, at the new discoveries he has made of himself of power which he never before dreamed he possessed, and he now regrets more than anything else that he has in the past allowed so many opportunities for calling himself out to go by.

The effort to express one's ideas in lucid, clean-cut, concise, telling English tends to make one's everyday language choicer and more direct, and to improve

one's diction generally. In this and other ways speech-making develops mental power and character. This explains the rapidity with which a young man develops in school or college when he begins to take part in public debates or in debating societies.

Every man, says Lord Chesterfield, may choose good words instead of bad ones and speak properly instead of improperly; he may have grace in his motions and gestures, and may be a very agreeable instead of disagreeable speaker if he will take care and pains.

It is a matter of painstaking and preparation. There is everything in learning what you wish to know. Your vocal culture, manner, and mental furnishing, are to be made a matter for thought and careful training.

In thinking on one's feet before an audience, one must think quickly, vigorously, effectively. At the same time he must speak through a properly modulated voice, with proper facial and bodily expression and gesture. This requires practice in early life.

Nothing will tire an audience more quickly than monotony, everything expressed on the same dead level. There must be variety; the human mind tires very quickly when this is not supplied.

This is especially true of a monotonous tone. It is a great art to be able to raise and lower the voice with sweet flowing cadences which please the ear.

Gladstone said: "Ninety-nine men in every hundred never rise above mediocrity because the training

of the voice is entirely neglected and considered of no importance."

An early training for effective speaking will make one careful to secure a good vocabulary by good reading and a dictionary. One must know words.

Close, compact statement is imperative. Learn to stop when you get through. Do not keep stringing out conversation or argument after you have made your point. You only neutralize the good impression you have made, weaken your case, and prejudice people against you for your lack of tact, good judgment, or sense of proportion.

The attempt to become a good public speaker is a great awakener of all the mental faculties. The sense of power that comes from holding the attention, stirring the emotions or convincing the reason of an audience, gives self-confidence, assurance, self-reliance, arouses ambition, and tends to make one more effective in every particular. One's manhood, character, learning, judgment of his opinions—all things that go to make him what he is—are being unrolled like a panorama. Every mental faculty is quickened, every power of thought and expression spurred. Thoughts rush for utterance, words press for choice. The speaker summons all his reserves of education, of experience, of natural or acquired ability, and masses all his forces in the endeavor to capture the approval and applause of the audience.

Such an effort takes hold of the entire nature, beads the brow, fires the eye, flushes the cheek, and sends the blood surging through the veins. Dormant

impulses are stirred, half-forgotten memories revived, the imagination quickened to see figures and similes that would never come to calm thought.

This forced awakening of the whole personality has effects reaching much further than the oratorical occasion. The effort to marshal all one's reserves in a logical and orderly manner, to bring to the front all the power one possesses, leaves these reserves permanently better in hand, more readily in reach.

The Debating Club is the nursery of orators. No matter how far you have to go to attend it, or how much trouble it is, or how difficult it is to get the time, the drill you will get by it is often the turning point. Lincoln, Wilson, Webster, Choate, Clay, and Patrick Henry got their training in the old-fashioned Debating Society.

Do not think that because you do not know anything about parliamentary law you should not accept the presidency of your club or debating society, or take an active part. This is just the place to learn, and when you have accepted the position you can post yourself on the rules, and the chances are that you will never know the rules until you are thrust into the chair where you will be obliged to give rulings. Join just as many young people's organizations—especially self-improvement organizations—as you can, and force yourself to speak every time you get a chance. If the chance does not come to you, make it. Jump to your feet and say something upon every question that is up for discussion. Do not be afraid to rise to put a motion or to second it or to

give your opinion upon it. Do not wait until you are better prepared. You never will be.

Every time you rise to your feet will increase your confidence, and after a while you will form the habit of speaking until it will be as easy as anything else. There is no one thing which will develop young people so rapidly and effectively as debating clubs and discussions of all sorts. A vast number of our public men have owed their advance more to the old-fashioned debating societies than anything else. Here they learned confidence, self-reliance; they discovered themselves. It was here they learned not to be afraid of themselves, to express their opinions with force and independence. Nothing will call a young man out more than the struggle to hold his own in a debate. It is strong, vigorous exercise for the mind just as wrestling is for the body.

Do not remain way back on the rear seat. Go up front. Do not be afraid to show yourself. This shrinking into a corner and getting out of sight and avoiding publicity is fatal to self-confidence.

It is so easy and tempting, especially for boys and girls in school or college, to shrink from the public debates or speaking, on the ground that they are not quite well enough educated at present. They want to wait until they can use a little better grammar, until they have read more history and more literature, until they have gained a little more culture and ease of manner.

But the way to acquire grace, ease, facility, the way to get poise and balance so that you will not feel

disturbed in public gatherings, is to get the *experience*. Do the thing so many times that it will become second nature to you. If you have an invitation to speak, no matter how much you may shrink from it, or how timid or shy you may be, resolve that you will not let this opportunity for self-enlargement slip by you.

I know of a young man who has a great deal of natural ability for public speaking, and yet he is so timid that he always shrinks from accepting invitations to speak at banquets or in public because he is so afraid that he has not had experience enough. He lacks confidence in himself. He is so proud, and so afraid that he will make some slip which will mortify him, that he has waited and waited and waited until now he is discouraged and thinks that he will never be able to do anything in public speaking at all. He would give anything in the world if he had only accepted all of the invitations he has had, because then he would have profited by experience. It would have been a thousand times better for him to have made a mistake, or even to have broken down entirely a few times, than to have missed the scores of opportunities which would undoubtedly have made a strong public speaker of him.

What is technically called "stage fright" is very common. A college boy recited an address "To the conscript fathers." His professor asked,—"Is that the way Cæsar would have spoken it?" "Yes," he replied, "if Cæsar had been scared half to death, and as nervous as a cat."

Self-Improvement Thru' Public Speaking

An almost fatal timidity seizes on an inexperienced person when he knows that all eyes are watching him, that everybody in his audience is trying to measure and weigh him, studying him, scrutinizing him to see how much there is in him, for what he stands, and making up their minds whether he measures more or less than they expected.

Some men are constitutionally sensitive and so afraid of being gazed at that they don't dare open their mouths, even when a question in which they are deeply interested and on which they have strong views is being discussed. At debating clubs, meetings of literary societies, or gatherings of any kind, they sit dumb, longing, yet fearing to speak. The sound of their own voices, if they should get on their feet to make a motion or to speak in a public gathering, would paralyze them. The mere thought of asserting themselves, of putting forward their views or opinions on any subject as being worthy of attention, or as valuable as those of their companions, makes them blush and shrink more into themselves.

This timidity is often, however, not so much the fear of one's audience, as the fear lest one can make no suitable expression of his thought.

The hardest thing for the public speaker to overcome is self-consciousness. Those terrible eyes which pierce him through and through, which are measuring him, criticizing him, are very difficult to get out of his consciousness.

But no orator can make a great impression until he gets rid of himself, until he can absolutely annihi-

late his self-consciousness, forget himself in his speech. While he is wondering what kind of an impression he is making, what people think of him, his power is crippled, and his speech to that extent will be mechanical, wooden.

Even a partial failure on the platform has good results, for it often arouses a determination to conquer the next time, which never leaves one. Demosthenes' heroic efforts, and Disraeli's "The time will come when you will hear me," are historic examples.

It is not the speech, but the man behind the speech, that wins a way to the front.

One man carries weight because he is himself the embodiment of power, he is himself convinced of what he says. There is nothing of the negative, the doubtful, the uncertain in his nature. He not only knows a thing, but he knows that he knows it. His opinion carries with it the entire weight of his being. The whole man gives consent to his judgment. He himself is in his conviction, in his act.

One of the most entrancing speakers I have ever listened to—a man to hear whom people would go long distances and stand for hours to get admission to the hall where he spoke—never was able to get the confidence of his audience because he lacked character. People liked to be swayed by his eloquence. There was a great charm in the cadences of his perfect sentences. But somehow they could not believe what he said.

The orator must be sincere. The public is very quick to see through shams. If the audience sees

mud at the bottom of your eye, that you are not honest yourself, that you are acting, they will not take any stock in you.

It is not enough to say a pleasing thing, an interesting thing, the orator must be able to convince; and to convince others he must himself have strong convictions.

Very few people ever rise to their greatest possibilities or ever know their entire power unless confronted by some great occasion. We are as much amazed as others are when, in some great emergency, we outdo ourselves. Somehow the power that stands behind us in the silence, in the depths of our natures, comes to our relief, intensifies our faculties a thousandfold and enables us to do things which before we thought impossible.

It would be difficult to estimate the great part which practical drill in oratory may play in one's life.

Great occasions, when nations have been in peril, have developed and brought out some of the greatest orators of the world. Cicero, Mirabeau, Patrick Henry, Webster, and John Bright might all be called to witness to this fact.

The occasion had much to do with the greatest speech delivered in the United States Senate—Webster's reply to Hayne. Webster had no time for immediate preparation, but the occasion brought out all the reserves in this giant, and he towered so far above his opponent that Hayne looked like a pygmy in comparison.

The pen has discovered many a genius, but the

process is slower and less effective than the great occasion that discovers the orator. Every crisis calls out ability previously undeveloped and perhaps unsuspected.

No orator living was ever great enough to give out the same power and force and magnetism to an empty hall, to empty seats, that he could give to an audience capable of being fired by his theme. In the presence of the audience lies a fascination, an indefinable magnetism that stimulates all the mental faculties, and acts as a tonic and vitalizer. An orator can say before an audience what he could not possibly have said before he went on the platform, just as we can often say to a friend in animated conversation things which we could not possibly say when alone. As when two chemicals are united, a new substance is formed from the combination which did not exist in either alone, he feels surging through his brain the combined force of his audience, which he calls inspiration, a mighty power which did not exist in his own personality.

Actors tell us that there is an indescribable inspiration which comes from the orchestra, the footlights, the audience, which it is impossible to feel at a cold mechanical rehearsal. There is something in a great sea of expectant faces which awakens the ambition and arouses the reserve of power which can never be felt except before an audience. The power was there just the same before, but it was not aroused.

In the presence of a great orator, the audience is absolutely in his power. They laugh or cry as he

pleases, or rise and fall at his bidding, until he releases them from the magic spell.

What is oratory but to stir the blood of all hearers, to so arouse their emotions that they cannot control themselves a moment longer without taking the action to which they are impelled?

"His words are laws" may be well said of the statesman whose orations sway the world. What art is greater than that of changing the minds of men?

Wendell Phillips so played upon the emotions, so changed the convictions of Southerners who hated him, but who were curious to listen to his oratory, that for the time being he almost persuaded them that they were in the wrong. I have seen him when it seemed to me that he was almost godlike in his power. With the ease of a master he swayed his audience. Some who hated him in the slavery days were there, and they could not resist cheering him.

When James Russell Lowell was a student, said Wetmore Story, he and Story went to Faneuil Hall to hear Webster. They meant to hoot him for his remaining in Tyler's cabinet. It would be easy, they reasoned, to get the three thousand people to join them. When he began, Lowell turned pale, and Story livid. His great eyes, they thought, were fixed on them. His opening words changed their scorn to admiration, and their contempt to respect.

"He gave us a glimpse into the Holy of Holies," said another student, in relating his experience in listening to a great preacher.

IF YOU CAN TALK WELL

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

A good conversationalist is one who has ideas, who reads, thinks, listens, and who has therefore something to say.—Sir Walter Scott.

WHEN Charles W. Eliot was president of Harvard, he said, "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman, namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother-tongue."

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well.

To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It not only helps you to make a good impression upon strangers, it also helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It sends you clients, patients, customers. It helps you into the best society, even though you are poor.

If You Can Talk Well

A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

No matter how expert you may be in any other art or accomplishment, you cannot use your expertness always and everywhere as you can the power to converse well. If you are a musician, no matter how talented you may be, or how many years you may have spent in perfecting yourself in your specialty, or how much it may have cost you, only comparatively few people can ever hear or appreciate your music.

You may be a fine singer, and yet travel around the world without having an opportunity of showing your accomplishment, or without anyone guessing your specialty. But wherever you go and in whatever society you are, no matter what your station in life may be, you talk.

You may be a painter, you may have spent years with great masters, and yet, unless you have very marked ability so that your pictures are hung in the *salons* or in the great art galleries, comparatively few people will ever see them. But if you are an artist in conversation, everyone who comes in contact with you will see your life-picture, which you have been painting ever since you began to talk. Everyone knows whether you are an artist or a bungler.

In fact, you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy, and

you may have a very beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about; but if you are a good converser, everyone with whom you talk will feel the influence of your skill and charm.

A noted society leader, who has been very successful in the launching of *débutantes* in society, always gives this advice to her *protégés,* "Talk, talk. It does not matter much what you say, but chatter away lightly and gayly. Nothing embarrasses and bores the average man so much as a girl who has to be entertained."

The way to learn to talk is to talk. The temptation for people who are unaccustomed to society, and who feel diffident, is to say nothing themselves and listen to what others say.

Good talkers are always sought after in society. Everybody wants to invite Mrs. So-and-So to dinners or receptions because she is such a good talker. She entertains. She may have many defects, but people enjoy her society because she can talk well.

Conversation, if used as an educator, is a tremendous power developer; but talking without thinking, without an effort to express oneself with clearness, conciseness, or efficiency, mere chattering, or gossiping, the average society small talk, will never get hold of the best thing in a man. It lies too deep for such superficial effort.

Nothing else will indicate your fineness or coarseness of culture, your breeding or lack of it, so quickly as your conversation. It will tell your whole life's

story. What you say, and how you say it, will betray all your secrets, will give the world your true measure.

There is no other accomplishment or acquirement which you can use so constantly and effectively, which will give so much pleasure to your friends, as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.

Most of us are bunglers in our conversation, because we do not make an art of it; we do not take the trouble or pains to learn to talk well. We do not read enough or think enough. Most of us express ourselves in sloppy, slipshod English, because it is so much easier to do so than it is to think before we speak, to make an effort to express ourselves with elegance, ease, and power.

Poor conversers excuse themselves for not trying to improve by saying that "good talkers are born, not made." We might as well say that good lawyers, good physicians, or good merchants are born, not made. None of them would ever get very far without hard work. This is the price of all achievement that is of value.

Many a man owes his advancement very largely to his ability to converse well. The ability to interest people in your conversation, to hold them, is a great power. The man who bungles in his expression, who knows a thing, but never can put it in logical, interesting, or commanding language, is always placed at a great disadvantage.

I know a business man who has cultivated the art

of conversation to such an extent that it is a great treat to listen to him. His language flows with such liquid, limpid beauty, his words are chosen with such exquisite delicacy, taste, and accuracy, there is such a refinement in his diction that he charms everyone who hears him speak. All his life he has been a reader of the finest prose and poetry, and has cultivated conversation as a fine art.

You may think you are poor and have no chance in life. You may be situated so that others are dependent upon you, and you may not be able to go to school or college, or to study music or art, as you long to; you may be tied down to an iron environment; you may be tortured with an unsatisfied, disappointed ambition; and yet you can become an interesting talker, because in every sentence you utter you can practice the best form of expression. Every book you read, every person with whom you converse, who uses good English, can help you.

Few people think very much about how they are going to express themselves. They use the first words that come to them. They do not think of forming a sentence so that it will have beauty, brevity, transparency, power. The words flow from their lips helter-skelter, with little thought of arrangement or order.

Now and then we meet a real artist in conversation, and it is such a treat and delight that we wonder why the most of us should be such bunglers in our conversation, that we should make such a botch of the medium of communication between human beings,

when it is capable of being made the art of arts.

I have met a dozen persons in my lifetime who have given me such a glimpse of its superb possibilities that it has made all other arts seem comparatively unimportant to me.

I was once a visitor at Wendell Phillips's home in Boston, and the music of his voice, the liquid charm of his words, the purity, the transparency of his diction, the profundity of his knowledge, the fascination of his personality, and his marvelous art of putting things, I shall never forget. He sat down on the sofa beside me and talked as he would to an old schoolmate, and it seemed to me that I had never before heard such exquisite English. I have met several English people who possessed that marvelous power of "soul in conversation which charms all who come under its spell."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward had this wonderful conversational charm, as has ex-President Eliot of Harvard.

The quality of the conversation is everything. We all know people who use the choicest language and express their thoughts in fluent, liquid diction, who impress us by the wonderful flow of their conversation; but that is all there is to it. They do not impress us with their thoughts; they do not stimulate us to action. We do not feel any more determined to do something in the world, to be somebody, after we have heard them talk than we felt before.

We know other people who talk very little, but

whose words are so full of meat and stimulating brain force that we feel ourselves multiplied many times by the power they have injected into us.

In olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than that of to-day. The deterioration is due to the complete revolution in the conditions of modern civilization. Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts than by speech. Knowledge of all kinds was disseminated almost wholly through the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind.

The great discoveries of vast wealth in the precious minerals, the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries, and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this. In this lightning-express age, in these strenuous times, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position, we no longer have time to reflect with deliberation, and to develop our powers of conversation. In these great newspaper and periodical days, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the morning sheet or is buried in a book or magazine. There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word, as there was formerly.

Oratory is becoming a lost art for the same reason. Printing has become so cheap that even the poorest homes can get more reading for a few dollars than kings and noblemen could afford in the Middle Ages.

If You Can Talk Well

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist to-day. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English, and using a superb diction, that it is indeed a luxury.

Good reading, however, will not only broaden the mind and give new ideas, but it will also increase one's vocabulary, and that is a great aid to conversation. Many people have good thoughts and ideas, but they cannot express them because of the poverty of their vocabulary. They have not words enough to clothe their ideas and make them attractive. They talk around in a circle, repeat and repeat, because, when they want a particular word to convey their exact meaning, they cannot find it.

If you are ambitious to talk well, you must be as much as possible in the society of well-bred, cultured people. If you seclude yourself, though you are a college graduate, you will be a poor converser.

We all sympathize with people, especially the timid and shy, who have that awful feeling of repression and stifling of thought, when they make an effort to say something and cannot. Timid young people often suffer keenly in this way in attempting to declaim at school or college. But many a great orator went through the same sort of experience when he first attempted to speak in public, and was often deeply humiliated by his blunders and failures. There is no other way, however, to become an orator or a good conversationalist than by constantly trying to express oneself efficiently and elegantly.

If you find that your ideas fly from you when

you attempt to express them, that you stammer and flounder about for words which you are unable to find, you may be sure that every honest effort you make, even if you fail in your attempt, will make it all the easier for you to speak well the next time. It is remarkable, if one keeps on trying, how quickly he will conquer his awkwardness and self-consciousness, and will gain ease of manner and facility of expression.

Everywhere we see people placed at a tremendous disadvantage because they have never learned the art of putting their ideas into interesting, telling language. We see brainy men at public gatherings, when momentous questions are being discussed, sit silent, unable to tell what they know, when they are infinitely better informed than those who are making a great deal of display of oratory or smooth talk.

People with a lot of ability, who know a great deal, often appear like a set of dummies in company, while some superficial, shallow-brained person holds the attention of those present simply because he can tell what he knows in an interesting way. They are constantly humiliated and embarrassed when away from those who happen to know their real worth, because they cannot carry on an intelligent conversation upon any topic. There are hundreds of these silent people at our national capital—many of them wives of husbands who have suddenly and unexpectedly come into political prominence.

Many people—and this is especially true of scholars—seem to think that the great *desideratum* in life

is to get as much valuable information into the head as possible. But it is just as important to know how to give out knowledge in a palatable manner as to acquire it. You may be a profound scholar, you may be well read in history and in politics, you may be wonderfully well-posted in science, literature, and art, and yet, if your knowledge is locked up within you, you will always be placed at a great disadvantage.

Locked-up ability may give the individual some satisfaction, but it must be exhibited, expressed in some attractive way, before the world will appreciate it or give credit for it. It does not matter how valuable the rough diamond may be, no explaining, no describing its marvels of beauty within, and its great value, would avail; no body would appreciate it until it was ground and polished and the light let into its depths to reveal its hidden brilliancy. Conversation is to the man what the cutting of the diamond is to the stone. The grinding does not add anything to the diamond. It merely reveals its wealth.

How little parents realize the harm they are doing their children by allowing them to grow up ignorant of or indifferent to the marvelous possibilities in the art of conversation! In the majority of homes, children are allowed to mangle the English language in a most painful way.

Nothing else will develop the brain and character more than the constant effort to talk well, intelligently, interestingly, upon all sorts of topics. There is a splendid discipline in the constant effort to express one's thoughts in clear language and in an interesting

manner. We know people who are such superb conversers that no one would ever dream that they have not had the advantages of the higher schools. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame by people who have never even been to a high school, but who have cultivated the art of self-expression.

The school and the college employ the student comparatively a few hours a day for a few years; conversation is a training in a perpetual school. Many get the best part of their education in this school.

Conversation is a great ability discoverer, a great revealer of possibilities and resources. It stimulates thought wonderfully. We think more of ourselves if we can talk well, if we can interest and hold others. The power to do so increases our self-respect, our self-confidence.

No man knows what he really possesses until he makes his best effort to express to others what is in him. Then the avenues of the mind fly open, the faculties are on the alert. Every good converser has felt a power come to him from the listener which he never felt before, and which often stimulates and inspires to fresh endeavor. The mingling of thought with thought, the contact of mind with mind, develops new powers, as the mixing of two chemicals produces a new third substance.

To converse well one must listen well also. This means one must hold oneself in a receptive attitude.

We are not only poor conversationalists, but we are poor listeners as well. We are too impatient to listen. Instead of being attentive and eager to drink

in the story or the information, we have not enough respect for the talker to keep quiet. We look about impatiently, perhaps snap our watch, play a tattoo with our fingers on a chair or a table, hitch about as if we were bored and were anxious to get away, and interrupt the speaker before he reaches his conclusion. In fact, we are such an impatient people that we have no time for anything except to push ahead, to elbow our way through the crowd to get the position or the money we desire. Our life is feverish and unnatural. We have no time to develop charm of manner, or elegance of diction. "We are too intense for epigram or repartee. We lack time."

We have no time for the development of a fine manner; the charm of the days of chivalry and leisure has almost vanished from our civilization. A new type of individual has sprung up. We work like Trojans during the day, and then rush to a theater or other place of amusement in the evening. We have no time to make our own amusement or to develop the faculty of humor and fun-making as people used to do. We pay people for doing that while we sit and laugh. We are like some college boys, who depend upon tutors to carry them through their examinations—they expect to buy their education ready-made.

Life is becoming so artificial, so forced, so diverse from naturalness, we drive our human engines at such a fearful speed, that our finer life is crushed out. Spontaneity and humor, and the possibility of a fine culture and a superb charm of personality in us are almost impossible and extremely rare.

One cause for our conversational decline is a lack of sympathy. We are too selfish, too busily engaged in our own welfare, and wrapped up in our own little world, too intent upon our own self-promotion to be interested in others. No one can make a good converser who is not sympathetic. You must be able to enter into another's life, to live it with the other person, in order to be a good talker or a good listener.

Walter Besant used to tell of a clever woman who had a great reputation as a conversationalist, though she talked very little. She had such a cordial, sympathetic manner that she helped the timid and the shy to say their best things, and made them feel at home. She dissipated their fears, and they could say things to her which they could not say to anyone else. People thought her an interesting conversationalist because she had this ability to call out the best in others.

If you would make yourself agreeable you must be able to enter into the life of the people with whom you converse, and you must touch them along the lines of their interest. No matter how much you may know about a subject, if it does not happen to interest those to whom you are talking, your efforts will be largely lost.

It is pitiable, sometimes, to see men standing around at the average reception or club gathering, dumb, almost helpless, and powerless to enter heartily into the conversation because they are in a subjective mood. They are thinking, thinking; thinking business, business, business; thinking how they can get on

a little faster—get more business, more clients, more patients, or more readers for their books, or a better house to live in; how they can make more show. They do not enter heartily into the lives of others, or abandon themselves to the occasion enough to make good talkers. They are cold and reserved, distant, because their minds are somewhere else, their affections on themselves and their own affairs. There are only two things that interest them, business and their own little world. If you talk about these things, they are interested at once; but they do not care a snap about your affairs, how you get on, or what your ambition is, or how they can help you. Our conversation will never reach a high standard while we live in such a feverish, selfish, and unsympathetic state.

Great conversationalists have always been very tactful—interesting without offending. It does not do to stab people if you would interest them, nor to drag out their family skeletons. Some people have the peculiar quality of touching the best that is in us; others stir up the bad. Every time they come into our presence they irritate us. Others allay all that is disagreeable. They never touch our sensitive spots, sore spots, and they call out all that is spontaneous and sweet and beautiful.

Lincoln was master of the art of making himself interesting to everybody he met. He put people at ease with his stories and jokes, and made them feel so completely at home in his presence that they opened up their mental treasures to him without reserve. Strangers were always glad to talk with him, because

he was so cordial and quaint, and always gave more than he got.

A sense of humor such as Lincoln had is, of course, a great addition to one's conversational powers. But not everyone can be funny; and, if you lack the sense of humor, you will make yourself ludicrous by attempting to be so.

You must be broad, tolerant. A narrow, stingy soul never talks well. A man who is always violating your sense of taste, of justice, and of fairness, never interests you. You lock tight all the approaches to your inner self, every avenue is closed to him. Your magnetism and your helpfulness are thus cut off, and the conversation is perfunctory, mechanical, and without life or feeling.

You must bring your listener close to you, must open your heart wide, and exhibit a broad, free nature, and an open mind. You must be responsible, so that he will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts.

If a man is a success anywhere, it ought to be in his personality, in his power to express himself in strong, effective, interesting language. He should not be obliged to give a stranger an inventory of his possessions in order to show that he has achieved something. A greater wealth should flow from his lips, and express itself in his manner.

No amount of natural ability or education or good clothes, no amount of money, will make you appear well if you cannot express yourself in good language.

Newly Selected Illustrations for Speakers

Inspirational Thoughts for Public Speakers and Writers

Celebrated Passages from the Best Orations and Writings

INTRODUCTION.

The "Celebrated Passages" which follow suggest the nature of the complete orations and writings from which they are taken. They will have great educational value, aside from their obvious use for ready and constant reference. They should be read aloud in order that the ear may clearly grasp the vowel harmonies, and wondrous style of these greater orators. The needs of all classes of speakers have been kept in view, and the compilation is intended to introduce students to the great masterpieces of the orators represented. It will be noted that many of these famous sayings have passed into the general currency of speech. They furnish a fund of material with which to adorn or strengthen a speech or article, all conveniently arranged alphabetically by authors, so that it will be found not less useful for reading than for reference, and will easily impress on the Memory the name of the author and the form of expression.

Many of the "Passages" are complete in themselves and are a visualization, an epitome of great subjects.

Generally a speaker follows up his statement with an apt illustration that impresses a mental picture upon his listeners. This mental image subserves the law of association of ideas, as fully explained in the Dickson Method of Memory Training, and enables the listener to remember the statement of the speaker. He is the best speaker who can turn men's ears into eyes, and dramatize his subject so thoroughly that it seems to live and move before his listeners. Thinking is largely a procession of verbal images. There is not an hour of our life that we are acting without an image. Every thought, every word, carries the form with it. If we speak the word "rose," we see at once some kind of a rose—we do not see a "tulip"; but something which we have called a "rose" immediately takes form in our mind. We cannot read a poem or a story, but our mind follows form in pictured projection. In reading the following "Passages" try and image the thought picture suggested by the writer and make it your own.

The study of these extracts will not only help you to make a better speech, but also to write a better address, a better letter, and increase your efficiency as an after-dinner speaker, as a debater, and as a writer of powerful English.

Celebrated Passages from the Best Orations and Writings

Allen, Edward A. (American, contemporaneous.)

The Oratory of Anglo-Saxon Countries — English-speaking people have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty, the world has ever seen. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old homeland in North Germany beating back the Roman legions under Varus, and staying the progress of Rome's triumphant car whose mighty wheels had crushed Hannibal, Jugurtha, and countless thousands in every land. The Germanic ancestors of the English nation were the only people who did not bend the neck to these lords of all the world besides. In the year 9, when the founder of Christianity was playing about his humble home at Nazareth, or watching his father at work in his shop, our forefathers dealt Rome a blow from which she never recovered. As Freeman, late professor of history at Oxford, said in one of his lectures: "In the blow by the Teutoburg wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the germ of the surrender of Yorktown." Arminius was our first Washington, as Tacitus calls him,—the savior of his country. . . .

So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battlefield.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and to defend the hope of the world?

Brewer, David J. (American, contemporaneous).

"Oratory, the Masterful Art"—Oratory is the masterful art. Poetry, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, please, thrill, inspire; but oratory rules. The orator dominates those who hear him, convinces their reason, controls their judgment, compels their action. For the time being he is master. Through the clearness of his logic, the keenness of his wit, the power of his appeal, or that magnetic something which is felt and yet cannot be defined, or through all together, he sways his audience as the storm bends the branches of the forest. Hence it is that in all times this wonderful power has been something longed for and striven for. Demosthenes, on the beach, struggling with the pebbles in his mouth to perfect his articulation, has been the great example. Yet it is often true of the orator, as of the poet; **nascitur non fit.** Patrick Henry seemed to be inspired as "Give me liberty or give me death" rolled from his lips. The untutored savage has shown himself an orator.

Who does not delight in oratory? How we gather to hear even an ordinary speaker! How often is a jury swayed and controlled by the appeals of counsel! Do we not all feel the magic of the power, and when occasionally we are permitted to listen to a great orator how completely we lose ourselves and yield in willing submission to the imperious and impetuous flow of his speech! It is said that after Webster's great reply to Hayne every Massachusetts man walking down Pennsylvania Avenue seemed a foot taller.

Bethune, George W. (American, nineteenth century).

Americans — Not Anglo-Saxons—God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to make of them all one new man; not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the American. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter action of the rest.

Bryant, William Cullen (American, 1794-1878).

The Essence of Greatness—Burns was great because, whatever may have been the errors of his after life, when he came

from the hand that formed him, —I say it with the profoundest reverence,—God breathed into him, in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies,—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest toward those of his own kin, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings,—upon the animals in his stall; upon the "wee, sleekit cowerin', tim'rous beastie" dislodged from her autumnal covert; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman; upon the very field flower, overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true, genuine, manly, noble; we honor, we venerate the poet while we read; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory forever.—(1859).

Brown, Henry Armitt (American, contemporaneous).

Remembering Valley Forge—In the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them, as for us, shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, union will seem as dear and liberty as sweet, and progress as glorious as they were to our fathers, and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto him who holds in the hollow of his hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into his eternal care commend ourselves, our children and our country.—From Oration at the Valley Forge Centennial.

Brooks, Phillip (American, 1835-1893).

Commit to Memory—It is a valuable exercise to copy passages of literature. Sight strikes deeper than sound; to execute form stamps it upon the memory often like a die upon the waxen tablet. Many writers, ancient and modern, have prac-

ticed copying the productions of the masters of literature. Demosthenes copied the history of Thucydides seven or eight times in order to acquire his clear, concise and elegant style. Literary taste is cultivated by committing literary productions to memory. Committing makes a deeper impression upon the mind than either reading or copying. It tends to fix the words in the memory, and deepen the channels of thought and expression. It gives, as it were, literary molds in which to run one's own thoughts, or forms literary channels in which our thoughts and sentiments will naturally flow out into expression. This has also been the practice of many who have attained rare excellence in the use of language. The practice of declaiming pieces and giving recitations has been of great value in the cultivation of literary taste and skill. These selections usually present models of style and stimulate thought and expression. The declamations of early years have often done more to shape literary taste and give skill in expression than the entire college course in classics, rhetoric, and literature. Pupils should, therefore, be required to commit many fine selections of prose and poetry. These will cling to the memory, furnishing the mind with fact and sentiment, giving choice vocabulary, and molding forms of expression. Indeed, this is one of the very best means of literary culture. As we have said, it makes the mind familiar with both thought and expression, the best thoughts and the choicest forms of expression; for, to enrich the mind with the noble thoughts of the gifted sons of genius is to train in the habit of thinking high and noble thoughts; to accustom the tongue to refined and artistic expression is to give the power to clothe the mind's own thoughts in artistic forms. One reason why the Greeks had so fine a literary taste is that they were trained in committing and reciting the Iliad and the Odyssey. Burke and Pitt cultivated the power of oratory by committing and declaiming the orations of Demosthenes. Fox committed the book of Job, and drew from it much of his grandeur and force of expression. Lord Chatham read and re-read the sermons of Dr. Barrow until he knew many of them by heart, and they gave inspiration and eloquence to his utterance. So, if you would have taste and skill in literary composition, fill the mind with the choicest productions of the masters of literature, making many of them thoroughly your own by committing them to memory.

Carson, Hampton L. (American, contemporaneous).

American Liberty a Thing of Growth—American liberty is composite in its character and rich in its material. Its sources, like the fountains of our Father

of Waters, among the hills, are to be sought among the everlasting truths of mankind. All ages and all countries have contributed to the result. The American Revolution forms but a single chapter in the volume of human fate. From the pure fountains of Greece, before choked with dead leaves from the fallen tree of civilization; from the rude strength poured by barbaric transfusion into the veins of dying Rome; from the institutes of Gaius and the pandects of Justinian; from the laws of Alfred and the Magna Charta of King John; from the daring prows of the Norsemen and the sons of Rollo the Rover; from the precepts of Holy Writ and the teaching of him who was nailed to the cross on Calvary; from the courage of a Genoese and the liberality and religious fervor of a Spanish queen; from the enterprise of Portugal and the devoted labors of the French Jesuits; from the scaffolds of Russell and Sidney and of Egmont and Horn; from the blood of martyrs and the visions of prophets; from the unexampled struggle of eighty years of the Netherlands for liberty, as well as from the revolution which d e t h r o n e d a James; from the tongue of Henry, the pen of Jefferson, the sword of Washington and the sagacity of Franklin; from the discipline of Steuben, the death of Pulaski and De Kalb and the generous alliance of the French; from the constitution of the United States; from the bloody sweat of France and the struggles of Germany, Poland, Hungary and Italy for constitutional monarchy; from the arguments of Webster and the judgments of Marshall; from the throes of civil war and the failure of secession; from the Emancipation Proclamation and the enfranchisement of a dusky race; from the lips of the living in all lands and in all forms of speech; from the bright examples and deathless memories of the dead—from all these, as from ten t h o u s a n d living streams, the lordly current upon which floats our ship of state, so richly freighted with the rights of men, broadens as it flows through the centuries, past tombs of kings and graves of priests and mounds of buried shackles and the charred heaps of human auction blocks and the gray stones of perished institutions, out into the boundless ocean of the future. Upon the shores of that illimitable sea stands the Temple of Eternal Truth; not buried in the earth, made hollow by the sepulchers of her witnesses, but rising in the majesty of primeval granite, the dome supported by majestic pillars embedded in the graves of martyrs.—From Address on "The Liberty Bell."

Carruth, W. H. (American, contemporaneous).

Each In His Own Tongue—Mr. Carruth has not been a prolific poet, but one masterpiece is

worth a volume of commonplace verse. "Each In His Own Tongue" fulfills all the requirements of fine poetry, a high conception, beautiful language, correct metre, excellent rhyme. The poem is a classic and cannot fail to survive the sifting processes of time.

A fire-mist and a planet—
  A crystal and a cell—
A jelly fish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
  And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon—
  The infinite, tender sky—
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfield,
  And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent sea beach
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
  Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
  A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
  The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
  And others call it God.

Crane, Frank (American, contemporaneous).

Home-Made Poetry and Religion—The secret of poetry, of religion, and of all living and thinking upon the higher plane is the translation of material into spiritual values.

This is the trick of poetry. When Goldsmith, for instance wants to give us the quality of greatness in a good man he likens him to

"Some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm.
Though round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Here the whole force of the idea comes from making a mountain, a thing of earth and rock, represent a man.

The Greeks made their lives beautiful by thus personifying all natural objects: trees had their dryads, streams their naids, the sea its nymphs, the sky its gods, sun and moon became Apollo and Diana, and even the dark underworld and the deep ocean were bodied forth by Pluto and Neptune.

One notes the same method, in a different way, in Jesus, the greatest of spiritual leaders. He did not "explain" the kingdom of heaven, but He said it was "like" this and that—a grain of mustard seed, a pearl of great price, a lump of leaven, and so on.

All of us cannot be poets or prophets, but we all can make use of this same art of transmuting things of death into things of life and spirit; on a small scale, perhaps, but still enough to make our lives richer.

If one will form this habit it will be of great help. Yonder is a tree in my yard; I will say it is a certain friend of mine; he is a shade, too, to me, and under his branches I find refreshment.

I love bread and need it; it is like my love, upon whom also my heart feeds; I could not live without her.

Voices come to me through the wall; some persons are talking in the next room. So I catch mutterings from behind the wall of Death; the murmur I hear, but no words intelligible.

A flower looks up at me from the side of the path; a little child smiles at me from a window; they are akin.

By such processes as these even the least gifted of us can manufacture his own poetry, can create a spiritual air of his own. By folding our dimly perceived thoughts back upon nature they become strangely luminous. By taking the half-felt emotions and shades of sentiment from the heart and finding some brother or sister feeling in the material world, all our feeling returns to us clearer and sharper.

This may not be writing poetry, but it is living poetry, which is better. It may not exactly be the kind of religion that any church would accept as satisfactory, but it is a sort of plain, everyday, usable religiousness of life, nevertheless.

This simple habit will do for us two things: It will help to beautify the commonplace, and that is real poetry; and it will help us to realize the sacredness of ourselves and of the world we live in, and that is the best end of religion.

It is home-made poetry and religion, not for show, nor for sale, nor for others at all, but for home use.

Crane, Frank.

Life—As I write this I can look out of my window and see a cloud, a hill, a spire, a house, a wall, a road and a river, in just this order from top to bottom.

Life is not a cloud, for a cloud has no substance save thin mist.

Life is not a hill, for a hill is beautiful at a distance only, while life is near and dear and its microscopic ways are as charming as its perspective.

Life is not a spire, for a spire points to a happiness in another world than this, whereas

happiness grows in but one place, here, and at one time, now. The kingdom of life is about us.

Life is not a house, for a house is permanent, while life is fleeting. Many lives come and go and the house stands.

Life is not a wall, for a wall is a limitation, while life is infinite and has no bounds.

Life is not a road, for life roams the fields and goes where men have not gone. It flies over the hedges as a bird, it treads the forest as a deer.

Life is a river, always the same, yet ever different; always passing, always present; fluid, yet outlasting all walls and houses; flowing, yet enduring; going, yet eternal. "The river of life" is a true symbol. The river is the one natural object that is both fleeting and permanent.

Drummond, Henry (Scotland, 1851-1897).

"The Greatest Thing in the World"—We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the religious world is Faith. That great word has been the keynote for centuries of the popular religion, and we have easily learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong. If we have been told that, we may miss the mark. I have taken you, in the chapter which I have just read, to Christianity at its source, and there we have seen "The greatest of these is love." It is not an oversight. Paul was speaking of faith just a moment before. He says: "If I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." So far from forgetting, he deliberately contrasts them, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love," and without a moment's hesitation the decision falls: "The greatest of these is Love."

Grady, Henry W. (American, 1851-1889).

New England — Here within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill,—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sung, Emerson thought, and Channing preached,—here in the cradle of American letters and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure, carved from the ocean and the wilderness, its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars, until, at last, the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the tranquil sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base, while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human lib-

erty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers,—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons,—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork! —(Boston, 1889.)

Hugo, Victor (France, 1802-1885).

"The First Tree of Liberty"—The first tree of liberty was planted eighteen hundred years ago by God himself on Golgotha! The first tree of liberty was that cross on which Jesus Christ was offered a sacrifice; for the liberty, equality and fraternity of the human race!

Ingalls, John J (American, 1833-1900).

On the Death of Senator Hill—Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches b e t w e e n these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that A u g u s t morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath —we do not know

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer,—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and in explicable than death.—(Exordium of the Eulogy on Senator Hill of Georgia. U. S. Senate, 1883.)

Indian Orators.

Black Hawk (Address to General Street)—Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be

ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against the white man, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction: things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up and our squaws and pappooses without food to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

Jefferson, Thomas (American, 1743-1826).

Self-Government — Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Strong Government—I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.

Good Government — With all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens; a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

Lincoln, Abraham (American, 1809-1865).

Quotations from Lincoln—Let us have faith that right makes might.

With malice toward none with charity for all.

Many have got into a habit of being dissatisfied.

When you can't remove an obstacle plough around it.

With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.

When you have written a wrathful letter—put it in the stove.

If men never began to drink they would never become drunkards.

Don't shoot too high—aim low and the common people will understand.

I have great respect for the semi-colon; it is a mighty handy little fellow.

Thirty years I have been a temperance man, and am too old to change.

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave patriotic men are better than gold.

The Lord must love common people—that's why he made so many of them.

I am like the boy that stumped his toe; hurt too much to laugh and too big to cry

I want it said of me that I plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.

Take all of the Bible upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man.

If all that has been said in praise of woman were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America.

Moody, Dwight L. (American, 1837-1899).

Character — Oh, young man, character is worth more than money, character is worth more than anything else in this wide world. I would rather have it said of me in my old age than to have a monument of pure gold built over my dead body reaching from earth to heaven—I would rather have it said that

"they could find no occasion against him except it be touching the law of his God," than to have all this world can give. —(1880.)

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (England, 1800-1859).

The Life of Law—It is easy to say: "Be bold; be firm; defy intimidation; let the law have its course; the law is strong enough to put down the seditious." Sir, we have heard this blustering before, and we know in what it ended. It is the blustering of little men, whose lot has fallen on a great crisis. Xerxes scourging the waves, Canute commanding the waves to recede from his footstool, were but types of the folly. The law has no eyes; the law has no hands; the law is nothing—nothing but a piece of paper printed by the king's printer, with the king's arms at the top—till public opinion breathes the breath of life into the dead letter. . . .—(1831.)

The New Zealander in the Ruins of London—She (Rome) saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain,—before the Frank had passed the Rhine,—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch,—when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Miller, Hugh (Scotland, 1802-1856).

The Procession of Being—Never yet on Egyptian obelisk or Assyrian frieze,—where long lines of figures seem stalking across the granite, each charged with symbol and mystery,—have our Layards or Rawlinsons seen aught so extraordinary as that long procession of being which, starting out of the blank depths of the bygone eternity, is still defiling across the stage, and of which we ourselves form some of the passing figures—(From his Edinburgh Address.)

The Sown Seeds of Life—He who keeps faith with all his humbler creatures,—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare,—will to a certainty not break faith with man,—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs; but there are other bury-

ing-grounds and other tombs,—solitary church-yards among the hills, where the dust of the martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished races, frequent hieroglyphics, and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us that while their burial-yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seeds of the future.—(From his Edinburgh Address.)

Macpherson (Scotland, nineteenth century).

Invocation to The Sun—O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean sinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll, and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholdest thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds careless of the voice of the morning.

Nixon, Richard (American, contemporaneous).

The House Immortal—

He who would build a house that all may see,
In Truth should dig the deep foundation ways,
Should lay the cornerstone of Love, and raise
The walls of Steadfastness, then tenderly
Bedeck the halls with Song and Poesy,
And keep Contentment on the hearth ablaze,
The windows Hope, the ascending gables Praise,
And over all the roof of Charity.
Then let the tempests rage, the flames consume—
Time's self were impotent to seal the doom
Of such a house, where wanderers may find
Blazoned in gold above the welcoming portal:
Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind.

Poe, Edgar Allan (American, 1809-1849).

The Beautiful in Speech—An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms and sounds and odors and sentiments amid which he exists; and just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colors and odors and sentiments a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odors and sentiments which greet him in common with all mankind,—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone.—(From his lectures on the Poetic Principle.)

Reed, Thomas B. (American, contemporaneous).

The Bond of Universal Humanity — All things, including our own natures, bind us together for deep and unrelenting purposes.

Think what we should be, who are unlearned and brutish, if the wise, the learned, and the good, could separate themselves from us; were free from our superstitions and vague and foolish fears, and stood loftily by themselves, wrapped in their own superior wisdom. Therefore hath it been wisely ordained that no set of creatures of our race shall be beyond the reach of their helping hand,—so lofty that they will not fear our reproaches, or so mighty as to be beyond our reach. If the lofty and the learned do not lift us up, we drag them down. But unity is not the only watchword; there must be progress also. Since, by a law we cannot evade, we are to keep together, and since we are to progress, we must do it together, and nobody must be left behind. This is not a matter of philosophy; it is a matter of fact. No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let

the poison of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor. Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.—(Girard College, 1898.)

Stevenson, Robert Louis (Scotland, 1850-1895).

Requiem—As far back as 1880 Robert Louis Stevenson was writing the beautiful "Requiem" which is engraved in the slab that covers his grave near Vailima. Among the "New Letters," published in Scribner's Magazine, is one written to Sidney Colvin from San Francisco:

"When I die . . . you can put upon my tomb . . .

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Born 1850, of a family of
Engineers, Died . . .
"Nitor aquis."

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offenses pardoned; and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: Can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep? Thus the dead man speaks to you from the dust; you will hear no more from him.

"Who knows, Colvin, but I may thus be of more use when I am buried than ever when I was alive? The more I think of it, the more earnestly do I desire this. I may perhaps try to write it better some day; but that is what I want in sense. The verses are from a poem by me."—R. L. S.

Wirt, William (American, 1772-1834).

Jefferson's "Nunc Domine"—Those who s u r r o u n d e d the death-bed of Mr. Jefferson report that in the few short intervals of delirium that occurred, his mind manifestly relapsed to the age of the Revolution. He talked in broken sentences of the committees of safety, and the rest of that great machinery which he imagined to be still in action. One of his exclamations was: "Warn the committee to be on their guard"; and he instantly rose in his bed, with the help of his attendants, and went through the act of writing a hurried note. But these intervals were few and short. His reason was almost constantly upon her throne, and the only aspiration he was heard to breathe was the prayer that he might live to see the Fourth of July. When that day came, all

that he was heard to whisper was the repeated ejaculation,—"Nunc Domine d i m i t t a s"—(Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!) And the prayer of the patriot was heard and answered.—(1826.)

Webster, D a n i e l (American, 1782-1852).

P o p u l a r Government—The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, 1830.)

Liberty and Union—When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerant; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!—(Closing sentences of the "R e p l y to Hayne.")

Washington, George (American, 1732-1799).

Quotations from Washington—Peace with all the world is my sincere wish.

Good sense and honesty are qualities too rare and too precious not to merit particular esteem.

Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, an honest man.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of others.

My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country, but I have never doubted her justice.

I require no guard but the affections of the people.

Watterson, Henry (American, contemporaneous).

Opening the World's Fair—We look before and after, and we see, through the half-drawn folds of time, as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels of Columbus, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

But even as simple justice was denied Columbus, was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the Old World struggle between the French and English transferred to the New, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And, lo, down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minutemen, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marion's watch fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on Fame's eternal camping ground stand,—

"The Old Continentals—
In their ragged regimentals,
Yielding not"—

as, amid the singing of angels in heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic, and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to see the second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then,—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow,—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is

dark; and all seems lost save liberty and honor, and, praise God! our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see today,—this land filled with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man; out of disaster comes the glory of the state. —(From the dedicatory address at the World's Fair, in Chicago, October 21st, 1892.)

Zollicofer, Joachim (Switzerland, ——).

Continuous Life and Everlasting Increase in Power—My existence is not confined to this fleeting moment! It will continue forever! My activity is not bounded by the narrow circle in which I now live and move; it will be ever enlarging, ever becoming more extensive and diversified. My intellectual powers are not subject to dissolution and decay like dust; they shall continue in operation and effect forever; and the more I exert them here, the better I employ them, the more I effect by them, so much better shall I use them in the future world: so much the more shall I there effect by them. I see before me an incessant enlargement of my sphere of sight and action, an incessant increase in knowledge, in virtue, in activity, in bliss. The whole immensity of God's creation, the whole unnumbered host of intelligent, thinking beings, all the hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge in Jesus Christ, the unfathomable depths of Divine perfection,—what noble employments, what displays of my powers, what pure joys, what everlasting progress, do not these afford to my expectations?—(From a sermon on Psalms, viii. 5.)

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51. Charity—The "Greatest of These."
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55. Prince and Peasant.
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58. The Balance Sheet of Life.
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62. Lest We Forget (see Kiplingg's Poem).
63. Dreams.
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68. Old Lavender and Lace.
69. The Glow of Youth.
70. Morning—Noon—Night.
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86. The Spider's Web .
87. Tangled Meshes.
88. The Spinners.
89. The Toilers.
90. The Breadwinners.
91. Spendthrifts.
92. All Is Well That Ends Well.
93. The Stitch in Time.
94. Self Reliance—the Key to Success.
95. The Sunny Side of Life.
96. Importance of Trifles.
97. Lights That Fail.
98. Lights That Never Fail.
99. Signal Lights.
100. The Builders.
101. The Prodigal Son.
102. Excelsior (see Longfellow's Poem).
103. "Forever — Never!" (see Longfellow's Poem).
104. Whispering Winds.
105. The Legend of the Winds.
106. The Acadian Land.
107. Driftwood.
108. Nature.
109. American Birds.
110. Our Feathered Friends.
111. In the Tree-Tops.
112. Our American Forests.
113. Trees of America.
114. The Sentinels of the Forest.
115. The Flora of America.
116. The Mission of the Flowers.
117. The Language of Nature.
118. Amidst the Orange Blossoms.
119. Our American Rivers.
120. The Father of Waters.
121. Legends of the Mississippi.
122. The Land of the Minnehaha (see Longfellow's Poem).
123. The Great Lake Region.
124. Out of Doors.
125. Field and Forest.
126. Nature—Life's Teacher.

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

127. Roses and Thorns.
128. The Quiet Life.
129. Sleep.
130. The Mysteries of Sleep.
131. The Hand That Rocks the Cradle.
132. The Home.
133. Mother!
134. Father!
135. In Our Grandmother's Day.
136. Bachelor Girls.
137. That Boy!
138. Wanted—A Man!
139. Auld Lang Syne.
140. The Friends of Other Days.
141. Voices of the Past.
142. The Passing of the Log Cabin.
143. The Little Red School House.
144. Home at Last.
145. The Safe Port.
146. Hunters of Men.
147. Individuality.
148. Trouble.
149. Pandora.
150. Breadth.
151. The Strenuous Life.
152. The Measure of a Man.
153. Deeds—Not Years.
154. Bone, Brawn and Brain.
155. Good Biceps.
156. Take Time by the Forelock.
157. Tempus Fugit.
158. Get On To Your Job.
159. Waste Not—Want Not.
160. Life—The Battlefield.
161. The World—A Stage (see Shakespeare's Seven Ages).
162. Over the Rapids.
163. Land Marks.
164. Prisms.
165. What's in a Name?
166. Unmarked Graves.
167. The Better Part.
168. The March of Events.
169. Silver Threads Among the Gold.
170. Noblesse Oblige.
171. Caught by the Tide.
172. Multum in Parvo.
173. Nobility in Business.
174. The Crown of Thorns.
175. The Bronze Statue.
176. The White Man's Burden (see Kipling's Poem).
177. Heirs.
178. Power of Gravity.
179. Magnetism.
180. The Transformation of Woman.
181. Life—The Stage.
182. Architects of Fate.
183. The Leopard's Spots.
184. Triumphs of Perseverance.
185. Evolution.
186. Athletics.
187. The Importance of Physical Training.
188. The Balance Wheel.
189. Among Our Books.
190. Chips from Our High School.
191. The Uses of Books and Reading.
192. An Age of Invention.
193. The Inventors of Today.
194. A-B-C.
195. Two Types of the A-B-C.
196. The Friends of the A-B-C (Teachers).
197. Modern Education.
198. The Realms of Thought.
199. American Beauties.
200. The Age of Fads.

201. Fads and Foibles.
202. Beautiful Beliefs.
203. Ancient Myths.
204. The March of the Years.
205. Music—The Charmer.
206. The Major and Minor Key.
207. Famous Musicians.
208. The American Banquet.
209. Destiny.
210. Who Is My Neighbor?
211. Life's Winter.
212. The Skeleton in Armor (see Longfellow's Poem).
213. Our Exits and Entrances.
214. Laziness.
215. The Famine (see Longfellow's Poem).
216. The Resources of Life.
217. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
218. One Hundred Years from Now.
219. Our Obligations to the Past.
220. The Voice of the Prophet.
221. Buttoned Up People.
222. Looking for a Man.
223. Politeness.
224. Courage.
225. "Fama."
226. Gossip.
227. Enthusiasms Indispensible to Success.
228. The Right Hand Man.
229. Education vs. Schooling.
230. The Cornerstone.
231. The American College of Today.
232. The American University.
233. The Power of the Press.
234. The Mission of the Press.
235. Women of America.
236. Woman's Sphere.
237. Woman's Rights.
238. Unburnished Gold.
239. The Right "Knock."
240. Loyalty to Purpose.
241. Quo Vadis?
242. The Days of the Bull Fight.
243. The Chariot Race (see Ben Hur).
244. Under False Colors.
245. The Spy.
246. Draining the Dregs.
247. The Last Drop in the Cup.
248. The Supreme Shadow.
249. The Silent Partner.
250. Hedged In.
251. Driftwood Afloat.
252. Secrets of the Sea.
253. American Mines.
254. The Underground Life.
255. American Industries.
256. Irrigation.
257. Dry Farming.
258. American Agriculture.
259. The Passing of the Buffalo.
260. The Diver.
261. Great Inventors and Their Works.
262. Between the Lines.
263. Out of the Past.
264. School—College—University.
265. The Button Industry.
266. Great Volcanoes.
267. Onward and Upward.
268. Every Inch a Man.
269. Voices of Nature.
270. Look Up—Not Down.
271. That Still, Small Voice.
272. Conscience.
273. Youth and Age.
274. The Stage.
275. The Relation of the Stage to the Pulpit.

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

276. Modern Prophets.
277. People I Have Known.
278. Immortal Tongues.
279. Heroes and Heroines.
280. The Optimist.
281. Modern Pessimism.
282. The Rubicon.
283. The Great White Plague.
284. The Metropolitan City.
285. Know Thyself.
286. The Casting of the Die.
287. The Eternal Feminine.
288. A Soldier of Fortune.
289. Gems of Immortality.
290. In the Cradle of the Deep.
291. Finis.
292. Move On!
293. The Golden Age.
294. Looking Backward.
295. Outlook.
296. The Birth of Peace.
297. Dreams of Yesterday.
298. The Brotherhood of Man.
299. Caught By the Tide.
300. Silence.
301. The Pilot.
302. Sympathy.
303. The Dove of Peace.
304. Auf Wiedersehen.
305. Consolation.
306. Great Captains.
307. The Perfect Man.
308. The Natural Law.
309. When Earth's Last Picture is Painted (see Kipling's Poem).
310. My Ships.
311. At the End of the Rainbow.
312. The Pleasures of Life.
313. Sermons in Stone.
314. Representative Men.
315. Ideal Womanhood.
316. A Young Boy's Problems.
317. Being a Boy.
318. Child Life.
319. Our Youth of Today.
320. Life and Conduct.
321. Try Again.
322. Golden Deeds.
323. The Golden Rule.
324. Earth and Sky.
325. Blocks with Which We Build.
326. The "Three I's."
327. The Value of Labor.
328. Now or Never.
329. Looking Forward.
230. The Ebb Tide.
331. Faith and Character.
332. Faithfulness.
333. True Courage.
334. Wisdom.
335. At the Cross Roads.
336. The Turning Point.
337. The Star Land.
338. The Heavenly Lights.
339. The For-get-me-nots of the Angels.
340. The Endless Chain.
341. Earth and Its Story.
342. Earning Her Way.
343. Education a Science.
344. Education in Religion.
345. Famous Types of Womanhood.
346. Social Equality.
347. Famous Philanthropists.
348. The Man of Resolution.
349. Mountains of Despair.
350. Power Through Repose.
351. "American Mud" (Unjust Criticism).
352. Universal Brotherhood.
353. Brotherly Love.
354. Pluck vs. Luck.
355. Crossing the Alps.
356. The World's Greatest Disasters.
357. Masterpieces.

358. The Master Craftsman.
359. The Greatest Accomplishments in Life.
360. The Making of a Man.
361. Qualities in Men.
362. Man!
363. Attain! Attain! Attain!
364. When Thought Becomes Power.
365. The Mastery of Self.
366. The Mastery of Fate.
367. As a Man Thinketh.
368. Give Your Best.
369. Our Heritage.
370. Contentment.
371. Peace! Peace! Peace!
372. Lend a Hand.
373. Wisdom.
374. The Power of Trouble.
375. The Victory of Faith.
376. Lost Opportunities.
377. Idleness—A Curse.
378. Nearing the Rapids.
379. The Railway of Life.
380. Cultivate Habits—Not Maxims.
381. Cutting the Thread of Fate.
382. The Stern Teacher—Experience.
383. How to Succeed.
384. The Value of Attention.
385. The Evolution of a Genius.
386. The Fever of Conquest.
387. Discouragement a Factor to Success.
388. Failure and Character.
389. Ancestors.
390. Echoes from Another World.
391. Seeing the Soul of Nature.
392. In the Open.
393. Woman the Enigma
394. Men Who Live for Others.
395. Memory the Basis of All Knowledge (see Dickson's Method).
396. The Artistic Temperament.
397. My Native Land.
398. Patriotism a Universal Sentiment.
399. America.
400. Our Presidents.
401. Our Stars and Stripes.
402. The Fight for Old Glory.
403. The Destiny of Our Republic.
404. Young America.
405. The American Soldier Abroad.
406. Patriotism of Americans.
407. The Man Who Rules Our Nation.
408. The Nation's Hope.
409. The Flag of Destiny.
410. The Banner of Freedom.
411. The Man Without a Country.
412. The Man with a Country.
413. A New Democracy.
414. The Republican Party.
415. Woman's Advancement in America.
416. The Practical Citizen.
417. The Political Duties of a Citizen.
418. Citizens in Embryo.
419. Little Citizens.
420. What Constitutes a State.
421. What Constitutes a Citizen?
422. The Grand Old Party.
423. American Citizenship.
424. Who Shall Rule?
425. —We—The People.
426. The Triumph of Democracy.
427. The Price of Peace.

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

428. The Rise of Arbitration.
429. Is Americanism Right?
430. The Reign of Law.
431. Perpetuity of the Republic.
432. A Greater America.
433. The True Patriotic Spirit.
444. True Citizenship.
445. The American Nobleman.
446. American Panics.
447. Our National Banking System.
448. The Problem of Our National Currency.
449. What Is Money?
450. Generals of Finance.
451. The Protection of Finance.
452. The Protection of Capital.
453. Government Ownership.
454. The American Pit.
455. Protective Tariff.
456. The Cost of Unity.
457. International Philanthropy.
458. The Mulct Law.
459. Law Enforcement.
460. Capital and Labor.
461. The Labor Problem.
462. The Child Labor Question.
463. Judge Lindsay and His Boys.
464. The Condition of Labor.
465. The Value of Labor.
466. The American Sweat Shop.
467. The Moral Education of Our Children.
468. Socialism—A Science.
469. Anarchy—A Disease.
470. The Red Flag of Anarchy.
471. The Triumph of Anarchy.
472. The Dangerous Flag.
473. The Coming of the Modern Vandal.
474. Undesirable Immigration.
475. Strikers and Their Strikes.
476. The Great Unwashed.
477. The American Hobo.
478. Man's Value to Society.
479. The Science of Living with Men.
480. Humanity Freed.
481. Social Instinct.
482. The Stranger at Our Gates.
483. The Problem of the Present.
484. Self Government and Self Respect.
485. Puritanism and Democracy.
486. Our Present Jury System.
487. The Peace Pipe.
488. International Peace.
489. Volunteers.
490. Our National Election.
491. The American Ballot Box
492. The Saloon Question.
493. Putting on the Lid.
494. Et, Tu Brute.
495. Morality and Law.
496. Every Man His Own Master.
497. The Experience of the American Commonwealth.
498. The Survival of the Fittest.
499. The Slav or Saxon?
500. The Pride of the West.
501. The Demands of Cæsar.
502. Our Diplomatic Service.
503. The Civil Service.
504. Our Law Makers.
505. The Good Roads Movement.
506. The Evolution of Political Parties.
507. Modern Shylocks.
508. American Graft.
509. Municipal Reformation.
510. A Plea for Better Civilization.

511. American Barbarisms.
512. A Man of the Country.
513. The Problem of the Middleman.
514. Foremost Americans.
515. The American Political Idea.
516. Constructive Democracy.
517. The Open Door Policy.
518. Money—The Modern Idol.
519. The Full Dinner Pail.
520. The American Laborer.
521. The Dinner Pail Man.
522. The Moral Reformer.
523. The Political Workshop.
524. Relation of Our States to the Union.
525. Rights and Duties of Citizens of the United States.
526. The Rights of Man.
527. Morality and Law.
528. Great American Politicians.
529. The Voice of the People.
530. The Nimble Dollar.
531. Our Living Age.
532. The American Commonwealth.
533. Old Virginia.
534. Problems of "Dixie Land."
535. Political Heroes of the 19th Century.
536. The Reform of Abuses.
537. The Reform of the Courts.
538. Modern Humanists.
539. Great Corporations.
540. The Workingman's Crusade.
541. Interstate Commerce.
542. Government Control of Corporations.
543. Our Island Waterways.
544. Class Legislation.
545. American Statehood.
546. The Parcel's Post.
547. The Latin-American Republic.
548. Our National Guard.
549. Our Southern Neighbors.
550. The Panama Canal.
551. The American Fisheries.
552. A Period of Transition.
553. The Majesty of the Law.
554. The Middle Classes.
555. In the Hearts of His Countrymen.
556. Wealth Versus Commonwealth.
557. The Land We Live In.
558. The Emancipation of the Russian.
559. Freedom of the Press.
560. American Independence.
561. Our National Congress.
562. The Supremacy of Our Navy.
563. Chinese Exclusion.
564. The People's War on Graft.
565. Roosevelt the Man.
566. The Real Venezuela.
567. The Making of Tomorrow.
568. Co-education of the White and Colored Races.
569. What Becomes of Our Presidents.
570. Uncle Sam's Business.
571. The Liquor Question.
572. The Milk Problem.
573. Alcohol and the Community.
574. Veterans of the Pension Service.
575. Pensions.
576. Where the American Lives.
577. Woman Suffrage in England.
578. The Story of a Street (Wall Street).

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

579. The Romantic Side of Industry.
580. Great Tariff Truths.
581. Knockers.
582. Thrift.
583. The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.
584. The Ides of March.
585. The Building of Rome.
586. The Rise and Fall of Spain.
587. The Spanish Armada.
588. The French Alliance.
589. France—The Republic.
590. The Lost Tribes.
591. Mediæval Architecture.
592. Modern Architecture.
593. The French Huguenots.
594. The Passing of the Guillotine.
595. The Rise of the Cross.
596. The Fire Worshipers.
597. The Exodus.
598. The Rise of the Japanese Race.
599. The Triumph of the Jew.
600. The Ancient Jewish Commonwealth.
601. What America Owes the Jew.
602. The Ghetto.
603. Evolution of Civilization.
604. Armenia.
605. African Explorations.
606. Around the World.
607. Monte Carlo.
608. The Days of the Crusades.
609. The Feudal System.
610. Influence of Feudalism.
611. The Rise of the Christian Church.
612. The Age of Darkness.
613. The Rise of Free Cities.
614. Hands Across the Sea.
615. Old English Customs.
616. The Magna Charta.
617. The House of Commons.
618. Westminster Abbey.
619. Our English Cousins.
620. An English Tyrant.
621. The London Tower.
622 The Bridge of Sighs.
623. The Conciliation.
624. Makers of English History.
625. Famous English Queens.
626. England's Court of Justice.
627. English School System.
628. The Maybrick Case.
629. Knights of the Round Table.
630. Old Oxford.
631. In the Days of Robin Hood.
632. Famous Cathedrals.
633. The Spirit of the Britons.
634. The Holy Grail.
635. The Palace of Art.
636. The Passing of the Duel.
637. China—The Shadow of the World.
638. The Art and Literature of China.
639. Castles of Spain.
640. The Romance of the East.
641. The Land of the Nile.
642. In the Desert Country.
643. The Industrial Revolution.
644. The Power Behind the Throne.
645. The Land of the Rhine.
646. Die Wacht Am Rhine.
647. Russia—The Land of Terror.
648. Russian Expansion.
649. The Russian Refugee.
650. The Rising Empire.
651. The Mission of the Great Republic.
652. The Fifteenth Century.

653. Discovery of America.
654. Social Discontent—The Ogre of the Fifteenth Century.
655. A Lover of Truth (King Alfred).
656. Discoveries and Discoverers.
657. The Norsemen.
658. Columbus and His Discoveries.
659. The Battle of the Strong.
660. The Old Cycle—Democracy, Tyranny, Anarchy.
661. An American Invasion.
662. Roman Games and Amusements.
663. The Dark Ages.
664. An Age of Progress.
665. The Dawn of Civilization.
666. Humanity Freed.
667. The Secret of Progress.
668. Intellectual Progress.
669. The Name "America."
670. Religious Persecutions in America.
671. Old Colony Days.
672. William Penn.
673. The Indian Wars.
674. "Go West, Young Man."
675. The Pathfinder.
676. Noted Characters of Our Age.
677. Famous American Women.
678. American Womanhood.
679. Pathfinders and Pioneers.
680. Witchcraft in America.
681. Colonization.
682. The Cliff Dwellers.
683. The Mound Builders.
684. Fife and Drum.
685. Charters and Assembles.
686. The Struggle for Liberty.
687. The Thirteen Colonies.
688. Colonial Strife.
689. Then and Now.
690. Our Puritan Ancestors.
691. A Devout Colony.
692. Followers of the "Inner Light."
693. The Pilgrim Fathers.
694. The American Revolution.
695. The Declaration of Independence.
696. The Spirit of '76.
697. The Boys of '76.
698. The Boston Tea Party.
699. The American Crisis.
700. The Passing of the Spinning Wheel.
701. The War of 1812.
702. Abuse of Hospitality.
703. Privates and Officers.
704 Our Army.
705. Our Navy.
706. The Blue and the Gray.
707. Marching Thro' Georgia.
708. The Building of the American Navy.
709. The American Proposition.
710. America—The Educator.
711. The American Way.
712. Our American Mannerisms.
713. Western Progress.
714. On the Trail of the Emigrant.
715. A Century's Progress.
716. The Meaning of War.
717. Our Rebellious States.
718. Our New States.
719. The "Lone Star State."
720. The Monitor.
721. The Unknown Dead.
722. Unknown Heroes.
723. The Spy.
724. The Story of the Indian.
725. The Going of the Red Man.

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726. The Passing of the Wigwam.
727. Our Ward—The Indian.
728. The Cry of the Red Man.
729. An Extinct Race.
730. The Wrongs of the Red Man.
731. The Race Problem.
732. The Cry of the Black Man.
733. Caste.
734. The Monroe Doctrine.
735. The Louisiana Purchase.
736. The Missouri Compromise.
737. Westward Ho!
738. The Romance of the West.
739. The Merrimac and Monitor.
740. Union Heroes.
741. The American Negro.
742. The Rise of the African Race.
743. The Switzerland of America.
744. American Rockies.
745. The American Rialto.
746. The Bulls and the Bears.
747. The Black Man's Burden.
748. Great American Disasters.
749. Causes of American Panics.
750. State Rights.
751. Our Militia.
752. Southern Prisons.
753. The Days of '61.
754. Young America.
755. Boys of the Old Brigade.
756. Forty Years Ago.
757. The Passing of the Old Plantation.
758. The Passing of the Slave.
759. The New South.
760. The Spanish-American War.
761. The Liberation of Cuba.
762. Across the Continent.
763. Our American Railroads.
764. Evolution in Transportation.
765. The Age of Invention.
766. Our Steel Industry.
767. Our American Industries.
778. The Wage Question.
779. Municipal Ownership.
780. American Graft.
781. The American Newsboy.
782. Agriculture in America.
783. American Lumber Camps.
784. The Man with the Hoe. (See Markham's Poem)
785. The American Farmer.
786. Our Life Saving Stations.
787. The Light-House Keeper.
788. The Money Question.
789. Our Currency.
790. Masqueraders.
791. The Modern Corporation.
792. A Maker of History.
793. The Daughters of the South.
794. Our Public Servants.
795. The Making of America.
796. The Land of Chivalry.
797. Scandinavia—The Birthplace of Chivalry.
798. The Land of the Midnight Sun.
799. The Despotism of the East.
800. The Freedom of the West.
801. The Rise and Fall of Sparta.
802. The "Golden Age" of Athens.
803. Roman Citizenship.
804. The Olympic Games.
805. The European Intruder.
806. The War of the Roses.
807. Marathon—The Turning Point.

808. The Holy Wars.
809. In the Days of the Shepherd Kings.
810. The Lofty North.
811. Around the Great Chinese Wall.
812. Roman Holidays.
813. Berlin—A City That Cares for Its People.
814. The Age of Shakespeare. (See Dickson's How to Speak in Public.)
815. General Kuropatkin.
816. The Second Founder of the Persian Empire.
817. Cyrus the Great.
818. The Athenian Law Giver (Solon).
819. Alexander the Great.
820. Aristides the Just.
821. The "Judas" of the Greeks.
822. The Hero of Thermopylae.
823. The Athenian Traitor (Alcibiades).
824. The Law Giver of Civilization.
825. Socrates.
826. An Unknown King (Caesar).
827. Pluto.
828. The Serpent of the Nile (Cleopatra).
829. The Great Conspirator (Cataline).
830. Rome's Greatest Orator.
831. The Tyrant of Rome.
832. The "Scourge of God" (Attila).
833. William the Conqueror.
834. Robert Bruce.
835. The First of the Humanists (Petrarch).
836. The "Fame" of the Tuscan People (Dante).
837. Peter the Simple.
838. William the Silent.
839. The Hungarian Patriot (Kossuth).
840. The Hero of the Swiss (William Tell).
841. John Knox.
842. John Wycliff.
843. The Angel of the French.
844. The Maid of Orleans—Joan of Arc.
845. Great Reformers.
846. The Hero of the Reformation.
847. Martin Luther.
848. William Prince of Orange.
849. The Unspeakable Turk.
850. The Teutonic Empire Builder.
851. The Builder of an Empire.
852. A Man of Destiny—Napoleon.
853. The Spanish Curse—Charles the 5th.
854. The Great Bear of the North.
855. Peter the Great.
856. Gustavus Adolphus.
857. The Man of the Iron Will—Bismark.
858. The Man of the Iron Mask.
859. The Spoiled Child of Europe—Greece.
860. Michael Angelo.
861. Artists of the Old School.
862. Famous Animal Painters.
863. John Wesley—the Founder of Methodism.
864. Moody.
865. Charlemagne.

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

866. The Power Behind the Throne (Richelieu).
867. Henry the Eighth.
868. Mazarin.
869, The Great Protector.
870. Under the Red Robe.
871. Louis the Fourteenth.
872. Good Queen Bess.
873. The Reign of Victoria.
874. The Queen of the East.
875. Flower of France.
876. The Edict of Caracalla.
877. Our Martyred Heroes.
878. The Grim Chieftain (King Philip).
879. The Sage of Monticello (Jefferson).
880. Webster and the Constitution.
881. The Defender of the Constitution.
882. The Framers of the Constitution.
883. The Redeemer of the Republic.
884. John Randolph Roanoke.
885. The Spy of the Rebellion.
886. General Richard Montgomery.
887. John Brown.
888. The Great Emancipator.
889. The American Railsplitter.
890. Abraham Lincoln.
891. The Forerunner of Lincoln.
892. Old Hickory.
893. Old Rough and Ready.
894. Stephen A. Douglas.
895. The Spy of the Revolution.
896. Our Martyred Presidents.
897. Our Martyred Hero (Lincoln).
898. William Lloyd Garrison.
899. Heroes of the Spanish War.
900. The Future of the Filipino.
901. Franklin and His Work.
902. The Wizard of Menlo Park (Edison).
903. Frances E. Willard.
904. The Great Philanthropist —Helen Gould.
905. Helen Keller.
906. The Man from Nebraska.
907. The Orator of the Platte.
908. The Silver Tongued Orator.
909. John D. Rockefeller.
910. The Richest Woman of America.
911. England's Grand Old Man (Gladstone).
912. The Great English Reformer (Dickens).
913. The Blind Poet of England (Milton).
914. Our American Writers.
915. Our American Poets.
916. The Quaker Poet (Whittier).
917. The Children's Poet (Longfellow).
918. The Poet of the Study Window (Lowell).
919. The Poet of Nature (Bryant).
920. The "Autocrat."
921. The Poet of the People (Riley).
922. Our American Novelists.
923. Our American Humorists.
924. The Humor of Mark Twain.
925. Fletcherism.
926. The Emanuel Movement.
927. "Coffin Nails."
928. Christian Science.
929. An American Tramp Abroad.

930. American Caricaturists.
931. Chips from an American Workshop.
932. Our Western Writers.
933. The Poet of the Sierras (Joaquin Miller).
934. The Greatest Dramatist.
935. The "Great Unknown" (Walter Scott).
936. Hamlet.
937. Jean Valjean.
938. Fanchon.
939. A French Martyr (Dreyfus).
940. The Exiles of Siberia.
941. English Traits.
942. Legends from the Red Man's Forest.
943. Foot Prints of Travel.
944. Heroes of the Nineteenth Century.
945. Modern Humanists.
946. A Knight of the 20th Century.
947. Famous Types of Womanhood.
948. English Men of Letters.
949. The Northmen.
950. The Heroic Age.
951. The Trinity in Civilization.
952. The Ascendency in Personal Power.
953. The Keys of the Kingdom.
954. Supremacy and Conservatism of Personal Power.
955. The Straight and Narrow Path.
956. The Other Wise Men.
957. The Eye of the Needle.
958. The Sifting of Peter.
959. Barabbas.
960. Judas—The Betrayer.
961. Ananias.
962. Am I My Brother's Keeper?
963. The Mote in My Brother's Eye.
964. Two Masters.
965. The Beatitudes.
966. Our Father.
967. A Little Child Shall Lead Them.
968. Our Debtors.
969. Forgiveness.
970. The Greatest Thing in the World.
971. Our Talents.
972. Let Your Lights Shine.
973. The Potter's Clay.
974. Whatsoever Things Are Pure.
975. Creed and Deed.
976. Great American Revivals.
977. Modern Revivals.
978. Modern Evangelists.
979. Ruth.
980. Mary and Martha.
981. Gethsemane.
982. Saul of Tarsus.
983. The Cedars of Lebanon.
984. The Forbidden Fruit.
985. Our Father's Choice.
986. The Bitter Cup.
987. Whosoever Believeth.
988. Faith—The Prime Element of Success.
989. Freedom of the Individual.
990. The Realms of Thought.
991. I Will, The Victor.
992. Conscience—A Hard Master.
993. David and Jonathan.
994. In the Valley of Sorrows.
995. Nazareth.
996. The Crescent and the Cross.
997. In hoc Signo Vinces.

Topics for Orations, Speeches, Etc.

998. Samson and Delilah.
999. Eternity!
1000. Silence.
1001. When He Comes—Then What?
1002. Sunshine.
1003. A Lowly King.
1004. The Sea of Galilee.
1005. The Pharisee and Publican.
1006. Passing Through Fire.
1007. Weighed in the Balance.
1008. David the Outlaw.
1009. "It Is Finished."
1010. The Via Dolorosa.
1011. Knights of the White Cross.
1012. Go and Tell.
1013. The Story of Esther.
1014. The Life Eternal.
1015. Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men!
1016. The Glory of Sacrifice.
1017. On Being Happy.
1018. Cutting the Thread of Fate.
1019. Poise and Power.
1020. The Awakened Church.
1021. Church and Scholarship.
1022. Acres of Diamonds.

Model Questions for Debate—Preparation of Programs

As explained on page 51 of this book, debating is excellent training for concentrating the mind, directing ideas into a definite channel, and quickening individual thought. As Orison Swett Marden, the editor of Success and author of many excellent books on self-help, has well said, "Nothing is more noticeable during the education of a young man than his rapid growth and improvement when he takes active part in debating and public speaking. No one can afford to neglect any means of self-culture or self-improvement, the lack of which would perhaps embarrass him in the future in any position that he might be called upon to occupy. Supposing young Roosevelt, with stooped shoulders and delicate health, had said to himself, 'What's the use for me to try to cultivate good manners or to practice in a debating society?' It is the privilege of every American to know that the highest position in the world may possibly come to him, and the only sure way to be prepared for that position is to make every occasion a great occasion. To this end there is no accomplishment more practically beneficial to the average man or woman than the ability to think clearly and give definite expression to one's thoughts.

The following programs for debate and discussion, arranged from The Success Club Debater, will serve as excellent models.

"Every program should be arranged symmetrically. There should be a relationship of all parts. Select, first, the leading feature for a foundation to build upon. This may be either a debate or an address. Then construct all the other parts upon this, just as a carpenter builds a house. Be careful, first, that the subject is entertaining and amusing. Second,

instructive and thought-generating. Third, that it contains sufficient variety.

"The following subjects and discussions may be modified and changed to suit the conditions of any audience. Each program may be supplemented by musical numbers, recitations, and special pains should be taken to introduce sufficient humor to lighten the heavy subjects."

"Lives of Great Men Oft Remind Us"

A series of programs based upon the example and influence of great American men.

I.

1. Introductory Address—The Lasting Influence of a Great Life.
2. Discussion—What Quality in the Character of Washington has Contributed Most to His Fame?
3. Character Sketch—Washington: The Father of the Republic.

II.

1. Character Sketch—Franklin: The Dean of Yankee Philosophers.
2. Debate—Resolved: That it is not "Easier to Earn Money than to Spend it Well."
3. Paper—Is there as Great a Chance to Rise in the Printing and Publishing Business Today as There Was in the Time of Franklin?

NOTE.—*Probably no club will fail to supplement this program with some number dealing with the Proverbs of Poor Richard.*

III.

1. Character Sketch—Jefferson: The Founder of the Democratic Ideas.
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Republican Party Today Represents the Democratic Idea of Jefferson Better than Does the Democratic Party.
3. Address—Opportunities in Politics. *By a Politician.*

IV.

1. Character Sketch—Marshall: The Great Expounder of the Constitution.
2. Address—Opportunities in Law. *By a Lawyer.*
3. Discussion—Should the Constitution be Revised to Meet Modern Conditions?

V.

1. Character Sketch—Greeley: The Patriarch of Journalism.
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Press Exerts Greater Influence than the Pulpit.
3. Address—How to Become a Newspaper Man. *By a Journalist.*

VI.

1. Character Sketch—Lincoln: The Preserver of the Republic.
2. Discussion: Should the Negro be Treated as a Social Equal of the White?
3. Paper—Needed Reforms Demanding Great Statesmanship.

VII.

1. Character Sketch—Beecher: The Greatest Preacher of His Time.
2. Discussion—Is the Influence of the Pulpit Declining?
3. Address—Opportunities in the Ministry. *By a Clergyman.*

VIII.

1. Character Sketch—Emerson: The Sage of Concord.
2. Discussion—The Best Book I Ever Read.
3. Address—How to Become a Writer.

IX.

1. Character Sketch—Grant: Our Greatest Soldier.
2. Debate—Resolved: That War Is Unnecessary, and that all Disputes Should Be Settled by Arbitration.
3. Paper—How to Enter West Point or Annapolis.

Model Questions for Debate

X.

1. Character Sketch—Edison: The Wizard of Menlo Park.
2. Discussion—What Has Been the most Beneficial Invention of the Past Twenty Years?
3. Paper—Some Things that are still to be Invented.

Stepping Stones to Commercial Success

A series of programs for clubs whose membership is composed largely of men and women engaged in commercial callings.

I.

1. Introductory Address—What is Commercial Success? *By a commercial teacher or a business man.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That there are Fewer Opportunities for One to Rise in Commercial Life Today than there were Fifty Years Ago.
3. Paper—Don't Wait for Your Opportunity; Make It!

II.

1. Talk—How to Get, and Keep, a Situation. *By an employe who has done both.*
2. Discussion—Is Influence Stronger than Ability in Securing Promotion?
3. Contest—Each member writes an application for a certain position. A prize to be awarded to the one voted the best.

III.

1. Address or Paper—Master the Details of Your Work.
2. Reading—Aids to Business System, Selections from "System" and other commercial journals.
3. Discussion—What Modern Invention Has Been the Greatest Aid to Commercial Interests; i. e., Telephone, Typewriter, Eelevator, etc.

IV.

1. Talk—Honesty as a Policy and as a Principle.

2. Debate—Resolved: That Intense Competition Has Been the Greatest Cause of the Decline in the Standard of Business Integrity.
3. Quotation Contest—Every member hands in a quotation relating to honesty. These are read aloud and vote taken as to which is best. The collection of quotations may be given as a prize.

V.

1. Talk or Paper—Sociability as a Success-Winning Ability.
2. Progressive Talk—Each member is given a card on which ten or more subjects for conversation are named. In the way usual in progressive games, each subject is discussed for three minutes. No two members talk together more than once. When all subjects have been discussed, each member writes on the back of his card his vote as to which is the best conversationalist.
3. Opinions—What Is the most Important of the Qualities of a True Gentleman? Why?

VI.

1. Address—Health as Your Capital. *By a Physician.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Growing Interest in Athletics Has Done More for the Cause of Good Health than any other Influence of the past Fifty Years.
3. Paper—Notable Examples of Invalids who Have Succeeded in Spite of their Handicap.

VII.

1. Address—Tact Versus Talent.
2. Examples—Each member gives one Example, personal or otherwise, where tact was used advantageously.
3. Story—Conquered by Common Sense. The members should submit original stories suggested by this title. The best ones to be read to the club.

Model Questions for Debate

VIII.

1. Talk—Starting a Savings Bank Account. *By a Banker.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That Economy is a Greater Advantage to Commercial Success than Energy.
3. Contest—A month previous to the time when this program is rendered the members should each have received a certain sum to invest. Their accounts of the result of their investment should form this number.

IX.

1. Address—Commercialism in Politics. *By a Politician.*
2. Discussion—Is It the Duty of Every Man to Participate in Politics Further than Voting?
3. Paper—Some Things that Every Man Should Know about his Country.

X.

1. Address—Little Things that Keep Employes Down.
2. Symposium—Intemperance, Cigarettes, Unsteadiness, Untidyness, Inaccuracy, etc.
3. Reading—Chapter on "Be Brief," from "Pushing to the Front."

An Evening With Shakespeare

1. Address—Who He Was. When and Where He Lived. Parents. Station in Life. Friends. (See page 58.)
2. Symposium—Quotations from Plays.
3. Readings and Impersonations by Members.

Memory

A Lecture Delivered Before the Library Club, Chicago, Mercy Hospital, the Auditorium, Chicago, and the Metaphysical Society, Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles, California.

By

Henry Dickson

Chicago
Dickson School of Memory
Auditorium Building

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by
HENRY DICKSON

HE Lecture accentuates the idea that Memory is not only the basis of personal existence here, but insofar as we may judge the only possible basis of individual immortality. That it was a part of the final mystery at Elusis and formed a part of the doctrine communicated to the initiated at the Elusinian mysteries, proving the persistence of personality after death and the assurance felt by most religious thinkers that the individual soul will not lose the memory or the affections of its earthly life. Also giving instances of Ancestral Memory, Dual Memory, Multiple Personality, etc.

"O memories!
O past that is."

—George Eliot

Memory

MEMORY is the basis of all knowledge, knowledge of ourselves, knowledge of others, knowledge of personal continuity. Man is in a great degree Memory. Destroy Memory and all personal identity is lost and we would be strangers in the world in which we live.

The Psalmist attributed memory to the Almighty when he said, "In everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held;" that is, the good are to live forever in the memory of God. Thus the Creator has endowed man with His own faculty, memory, which is a striking intimation, a foreshadowing of immortality. So memory becomes not only the basis of personal existence here, but insofar as we may judge, the only possible basis of individual immortality. The Greeks did right in making memory the mother of the Muses. By memory we not only live in the present, but also in the past. It is not only

the book of reminiscence, but also the suggester of hope and expectation. It refreshes like the refrain of an old song or terrorizes like the remorse of a Macbeth.

When the poet Moore sang "Oft in the stilly night," we know that his recollections must have been pleasant ones—a life well spent, which enabled him to behold scenes long vanished, forms that for years had ceased to be corporeal, to hear sweet voices long ago resolved into the primeval silence. Let us listen to him for a moment as he recalls the past:

Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light,
  Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
  The cheerful hearts unbroken,
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light,
  Of other days around me.

Thus every individual has a memory and in its magic mirror we can recall the days, the scenes of long ago and also suggest hope and expectation of happiness for the days to come.

But we must invoke these powers, we must cultivate this faculty, we must turn aside for a few minutes daily from our insistent environment long enough to obtain a glimpse of these beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall. When we have learned that there is no real necessity for a dependence upon an external stimulus to awaken a desired state, but that once experienced, we have the power of reproducing it within ourselves through memory, we will have advanced one more step in the masterly realization of ourselves. This power may be cultivated or it may be discouraged—it may become an embellisher of life and an impetus to hope and success.

Let me ask you for a moment to go back with me long enough to glance at some of the many pictures that dwell in the halls of memory. To do so, I will ask your consideration while I recall the familiar poem "Twenty Years Ago." Let

us go back with the poet to the scenes of our youth; let us feel once more the sweep of the wind across the hills; let us recall the old school house, the faces of old friends long since departed—let us live it all over again for the moment.

Commonplace, yes, but it is this commonplace faculty which, when raised to vivid intensity becomes the power of the artist, the poet, the business man, the genius, and we miss all these because we allow the insistent facts of the present to usurp our whole attention and never yield to this renewal of memory and deeper consciousness. Dreams, perhaps, but such dreams as contribute to happiness. Impractical! No. If properly used they will incite us to renewed activity and thus enable us to conserve and reclaim all our wasted and neglected possibilities.

A gentleman recently took his aged mother back to her early home where she had lived until six years of age, and which she then for the first time visited after an interval of seventy-seven years. He described their journey to the little

village among the hills, the first glimpse of the old church, the school house, the entering of the old home, and all the many associations of her past life came back to her vividly and swiftly and these were emotions of pleasure, and it seemed to her a hallowed day. As to the son, he said it incited him to renewed courage to press on in his life's work.

To those who have forgotten I would say, that it is possible to train the memory to recall scenes of the past, by reviewing some vital experience of one year ago, then two years ago, and so continue concentrating the mind daily for a short time on some important event of every year. By concentrating the mind in this way you will be startled into a sense of the power of your mind. The past will pass in review before you like a beautiful dream, and you will know that you are related to all the past as well as the future, and that every thought and act that has entered your life has been indelibly stamped on your inmost consciousness, you will also know that you are likewise shaping your future.

There is a certain function in the brain of every individual which is called inspirational. We have all felt its influence. Genius and imagination does not apply merely to the poet or professional man, but to every class of humanity, so whenever a thought of unusual value occurs to your mind, immediately write it down, as when recalled it stimulates the mind to create more thoughts of the same character.

THE UNREMEMBERED FRAGMENTS OF A LOST MEMORY.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

Where have they gone, the unremembered things,
The hours, the faces,
The trumpet-call, the wild boughs of white spring?
Would I might pluck you from forbidden spaces,
All ye, the vanished tenants of my places!

Stay but one moment, speak that I may hear,
Swift passer-by!
The wind of your strange garments in my ear
Catches the heart like a beloved cry
From lips, alas, forgotten utterly.

An odor haunts, a color in the mesh,
A step that mounts the stair;
Come to me, I would touch your living flesh—
Look how they disappear, ah, where, ah, where?
Because I name them not, deaf to my prayer.

If I could only call them as I used,
Each by his name!
That violin—what ancient voice that mused!
Yon is the hill, I see the beacon flame.
My feet have found the road where once I came.
Quick—but again the dark, darkness and shame.

—Reprinted by permission of McClure's Magazine.

Memory may also become a judgment upon life, from the accusing aspect of which men have ever sought to escape—a book of experience from which they would fain pluck some leaves.

Macbeth at the close of his bloody career implores his physician to give him some antidote to pluck from his memory a rooted sorrow. He says, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" but the physician answers, "No, therein the patient must minister to himself." And memory to Lady Macbeth after the murder of the good

King Duncan became an avenging nemesis and gave her no rest, but compelled her sleeping body to reënact again and again all the details of that horrible deed. In her soliloquy she confuses the varied actions of that dreadful night and her disordered mind jumps from one scene to another, but always memory recalled the blood upon the hand, the signal of the bell calling them to the deed, the darkness of the night, the howling of the tempest, the cowardice of Macbeth, the awful picture of the murdered Duncan. Memory brought back to her the smell of the blood, which all the perfumes of Arabia could not efface; the knocking at the gate; memory recalled every detail of the bloody deed and made her repeat it over and over again, as soon as she fell asleep until at last nature gave way and the unhappy Queen passed into the slumber of death. In the dead of night we see her wandering through the ghost-haunted castle and hear her plead, "Out, out, damned spot."

But we not only have a memory which links the past, the present and the future in its magic

web—but in many cases we have chains of memories, multiple personalities, some of them at variance with each other. The strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was not a figment of Robert Louis Stevenson's imagination, as many think, but one of the real problems of dual personality the doctors meet in the hospitals every day.

A recent case of multiple personality that has been puzzling the scientific world, was reported in *The Ladies' Home Journal* of recent date, of a young woman who developed four distinct chains of memory. These memories were directly opposite to each other. In one chain the young woman was truthful, modest, religious and everything to be desired, in the second chain she was deceitful, lying, exactly opposite to the first personality. By careful training covering many months the good memory was made the dominant one, and the opposite memory obliterated. Thus it will be seen that slowly, very slowly, do we emerge from the dominance of primitive ideas, primitive memories.

When we stop to think that memory has been with us from the beginning, that it was a faculty of the first invisible, primal protoplasmic cell in its upward sweep of life, expressing itself first in *the articulata,* and successively through fishes to reptiles, from reptiles to birds, from birds to mammals, and finally, to the apex and climax of all these forms and forces, into the body and soul of man. Thus man has become a microcosm of the universe, a compendium of all animated nature and akin to all forms of life. We have lived the life of all savage men, we have trod the forest's silent depths, and in the desperate game of life and death, matched our thought against the instinct of the beast. We have lived all lives, and through our blood and brain has crept the memory of the shadow and chill of every death.

The poet epitomizes and visualizes the whole scene for us in the following stanza:

> A fire-mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell,
> A jellyfish and a saurian,
> And caves where the cavemen dwell;

Then a memory of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

It will readily be noted that memory is a racial experience conserved and handed down from generation to generation and can be traced back to the simplest forms of organic life, both in animal and plant. Thus memory is a continuous process and the whole series of organic life is a continuous process, a reproduction of what belonged to the first organic forms. Life is reproduction and reproduction is nothing else than memory.

Darwin has truly said that growth and evolution are mere forms of habit and memory, and the passage of an organism through the same stages of growth as its ancestors, is due to something in the germ cells transmitted from parent to child, something akin to memory in the individual.

It is a very wonderful fact that as the cell develops into the perfect organism, it passes

through a series of changes which are believed to represent the successive forms through which its ancestors passed in the process of evolution. This is precisely paralleled by our own experience of memory, for it often happens that we cannot reproduce the last learned verse of a poem without repeating the former part. Each verse is suggested by the previous one, and acts as a stimulus for the next. So between the me of today and the me of yesterday, lies night and sleep, an abyss of unconsciousness, nor is there any bridge but memory by which to span the chasm, and the abyss between two generations is bridged by the unconscious memory that resides in the germ cells.

As we rise in the scale of life, the memory cells in the brain increase, and does not this slowly developing mental power correspond to the evolution of mind in the race? It gives us great encouragement for the possibilities of the increase of memory in middle life, owing to the development of portions of the brain we have

hitherto unused. This subject is full of the greatest encouragement to mankind.

Shakespeare has written, "that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." But it would take no great stretch of imagination to paraphrase these wonderful words of the great dramatist and say, "we are such stuff as memory is made of," and there are organs of the soul as well as of the body, which recall much of our racial experience since and before the first cell divided. This line of reasoning naturally leads us up to the most interesting subject of ancestral memory, that strange sensation which many have experienced of remembering some scene they have just set their eyes upon. The poet well expresses this feeling:

I have been here before,
  But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
  The sweet, keen smell.
The sighing sound, the lights along the shore
You have been mine before,

How long ago I may not know;
But just when, at that swallow's soar,
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Bayard Taylor, in his "Poet's Journal," gives his experience:

Departed suns their trails of splendor drew
Across departed summers. Whispers came
From voices, long ago resolved again
Into the primeval silence, and we twain,
Ghosts of our present self, yet still the same,
As in a spectral mirror wandered there.

Wordsworth in his "Intimations of Immortality:"

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Among the many instances of Ancestral memory, I will only recount the experience of a rev-

erend gentleman, who on his first visit to Rome suddenly found the whole place as familiar to him as his own parish, and he found himself struggling with a torrent of words describing what it was like in the older days. He acted as guide and historian to a party of friends who concluded that he had made a special study of the place and neighborhood. He piloted them through the dark underground windings of the catacombs, telling them what to expect and verifying the same as they went along. He led the way feeling certain that he knew it and adds that there was the feeling that he had been there before and had worn armor. This is but one case of thousands. That the subconscious self should be more strongly developed in some persons than in others need not create surprise, for even before birth the development and retention of subconscious impressions in the mind of the child has begun and so the foundation is laid for the development of his mental nature. These early impressions of which no one seems to be conscious, least of all the child, gather up powers

as the rolling avalanche and collect for future emotions, moods, acts, that make up a greater part of the history of the individual and of states more effective and significant than those that are written down in history, or that can be discovered in archives, however secret.

Perhaps that was not wholly a dream of De Quincey, Swedenborg and Coleridge that the angels would come in the judgment day and take a complete record of our lives from the traces left in our body and nervous system and by these we should be judged.

But as Emerson has well said, "This mysterious power that binds our life together has its own vagaries and interruptions."

Joseph Jefferson was one day introduced to General Grant, an event which naturally would have impressed him very strongly. A few hours later he got into the elevator of the hotel at which they were both staying. A short, heavy-set man also entered, bowed to Jefferson and made some off-hand remark. "I beg your pardon," said the actor, "your face is familiar, but I can't

recall your name." "Grant," said the stranger, laconically. In telling the story, Jefferson said: "I got off at the next floor for fear I should ask him if he had ever been in the war."

Jefferson also tells the following story on himself: He once went to a postoffice in a small town where he was unknown and asked if there was any mail for him. "What name, sir?" asked the clerk. "My name? Oh! Yes, of course. Why I play "Rip Van Winkle, you know." "Joe Jefferson," said the astonished clerk. "Yes, Jefferson; many thanks," the actor answered, as he received his mail and bowed himself out.

There is in persons of every age a foreshortening of memory which may be emphasized somewhat in the case of elderly people. Even Mr. Ruskin, in his later years, thought that the English winter had degenerated from what it was in his youth. And James Whitcomb Riley, in his "Old Man's Nursery Rhymes," echoes the same thought, when he says:

In the Jolly Winter of the long ago—
It was not so cold as now—
Oh, no! No! No!

Then, as I remember—
Snow balls to eat—
Were as good as apples now,
And every bit as sweet."

The oldest inhabitant who thinks the winters are changing, has forgotten that when he was a boy he used to have to get up to make the fire, the stove ice-cold, the fire mighty hard to start —now he uses steam heat. When a boy he used to go out in the early morning, hands stiff with cold to feed the stock—now he sits in his warm office and watches the stock by means of a ticker.

Prof. Swing, the late great preacher and writer of Chicago, once eloquently wrote: "With a sigh we look back toward the studies we once pursued with such zeal and to the books whose pages once brought such a high pleasure, and say: I have forgotten them. At times comes the feeling that our memory is not a good one. It is that tub full of holes which one of the condemned in the classic *inferno* was compelled to keep stocked with water forever. This poor soul was ordained to carry water just such a distance

and in just such a size of bucket as would make it impossible for him to get ahead in his task. The two facts—'holes' and 'forever' must have made his sojourn in hell miserable enough. A heart-sinking not wholly indifferent comes at times to all readers and students who acquire and forget, are thrilled and then forget, weep and then forget the words which drew tears, laugh and then cannot remember what it was which gave such merriment.

"Unable to retain in memory the thoughts of the great books of the world it would be well to memorize some one verse of each poet and some one paragraph of each great prose-writer who has deeply impressed us. The first ten lines of Scott's Lady of the Lake will be able at all times to call up the poem and to represent its pictures; a stanza from Gray's 'Elegy' will recall the dignified and pensive movement of the poetry and the thought; the entire merit of the 'Old Wooden Bucket' comes back when we can recite a few consecutive lines. A mind well stored with these

specimens has all his old favorites still within reach. A few links stand for the long chain."

"Passages of Scripture, poems and fine passages of prose when carefully memorized furnish the mind with materials, create a literary taste, give ease and facility of speech and wealth and beauty of expression. The careful memorizer sees shades of meaning and a harmony of the whole which escapes the careless reader. It is far from true that in proportion as one attends to the form of the poem, he loses the thought. The philosophy of Greece developed at the same time as the accurate, elegant and finished language in which it was clothed. The mechanical memory may be said to constitute the basis of the intellectual life. Most words are crystalized history. The word father suggests to the child its parent; to the patriot, Washington; to the devout Christian, God. God is associated in our minds with a mood, and the idea of God as pure thought in the mind may do for an abstraction of science or philosophy, but we have always been accustomed to pay reverence or bow the

head when that name is mentioned." In this manner a feeling of reverence is awakened through a train of associations as we pronounce the name. It is a wonderful fact that words retain a power when used in poetry, which they lose when used in abstract thought or in systems of theology.

Tennyson has given us a beautiful illustration of this great idea in one of his minor poems. This poem would have a beauty of its own even if we never appreciated the underlying thought of association which is introduced by the poet:

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are root and all,
> I should know what God and man is.

While the power of these lines lies in the memory which it recalls, and the words and rhythm are perfect, there is a picture thrown before our attention with the suggestion of a sublime thought back of it that awakens our deepest and

most profound feelings. The poem exerts its power by the same old effect of association and not only uses memory, but implies an idea. The idea implied is that nature has a million living forms that are all related—all but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul. There is a thread that links them all together. Every grass, every weed, every flower and every tree, from the humblest moss to the most splendid lily or rose, are members of one family, the flora of the world. There are points of similarity and difference.

To the man of memory, of imagination, "the world is really a great Odyssey, a vision of strange colored oceans and strange shaped trees. In this century, God still walks in the Garden in the cool of the day and every bush is aflame with his presence. The birth of every child, the ever recurring sunrise and sunset is a miracle too great for our comprehension."

The man of memory, imagination, having seen a leaf, a drop of water, can in his mind's eye, recreate all the forests, the rivers and the seas of

this great globe of ours—in his presence the mists rise, the clouds form and float in the blue ether, and again return to mother earth in drops of rain: "Complaining brooks make the meadows green, rivers roll in majesty to the soundless seas, and poured round all is old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The man of memory, of imagination has a stage within his brain whereon is set all the scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears and where the players body forth the false, the true, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of human life. Upon this stage, all the characters of the immortal Shakespeare live again and reënact their parts. The infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, the whining school-boy, the woeful lover, the soldier full of strange oaths, the justice full of wise saws and modern instances, the lean and slippered pantaloon, all ages and conditions of men. We stand upon the forum at Rome and there passes before us in our mind's eye, the mighty Cæsar, the luxurious Antony, the lean

and hungry Cassius, the Noble Brutus. We hear the shrill warning of the aged soothsayer: "Beware the Ides of March, Beware!" and the hoarse murmurs of the surging populace, "Cæsar, Cæsar," all as pictured by the immortal Shakespeare.

The soliloquies of Hamlet still people the brain with dreams. The heaths of Scotland are forever associated with Macbeth and the weird sisters. King Lear has for all time immortalized the early history of Britain. The very name of Othello has become a synonym for love and jealousy. The melancholy Jacques still haunts the forest of Arden. Rosalind's laugh yet reëchoes through its bosky coverts. Touchstone's wit is as nimble as his legs and the rustic Audrey ever trips over the greensward at his bidding. The Rialto still echoes to the stealthy tread of an implacable Shylock and Portia's plea for mercy will be uttered by lips as yet unborn. In the noon of a midsummer's night we behold Titania and her fairy train flying between the moon and

earth lulled by the mermaid's song upon the yellow sands.

The man of memory has lived the life of all people of every race, and has listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, has sat upon the cliffs with the tragic poets—Euripides, Sophocles, Shakespeare—and listened to the multitudinous laughter of the sea. Was present in the groves of Athens when Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield of falsehood. Saw that sublime man when he drank the deadly hemlock and met the night of death as tranquil as a star fades before the light of morning. Has watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe and beauty—has lived by the slow and sluggish Nile amid the vast and monstrous monuments of the dead and gone Pharaohs. Has seen Cleopatra's barge move slowly and stately by, silvered in the Egyptian moonlight. Has interpreted the very form and features of the mighty Sphynx and disclosed the heart of her voiceless mystery. Has heard great Memnon's morning song, has lain down with the

embalmed dead and felt within their perfumed dust the promise of the resurrection and the life.

In conclusion, I may say, that it is almost impossible for us to overvalue the importance of a good memory. Not only is it of advantage in our every-day life, business, professional, or otherwise, not only is it the basis of our personal existence here, but also a foreshadowing, a strong intimation of immortality. The persistence of memory hereafter as a faculty of the soul, is taught in all religions—it was handed down from Egypt to Greece, and at Elusis formed a part of the doctrine communicated to the initiated at the Elusinian mysteries. This is of importance, as a source to which may be traced certain aspects of our modern belief in the persistence of immortality after death, and the assurance felt by most scientific and religious thinkers that the individual soul will not lose the memory or the affections of its earthly life.

The belief is most strikingly illustrated in the following poem, by Henry Newbolt, entitled "The Final Mystery at Elusis." The poem represents

the initiate in the Elusinian mysteries as receiving his last admonition before death. He is solemnly charged, though trembling with dread and parched with thirst more fierce than fire, not to drink of the waters of that shadowy pool, that means oblivion, the waters of Lethe that rob him of memory, but to think of the diviner stream from which his life was fed, to flee unto the hills and drink of the living waters of memory, and so to be as the Father, immortal, blest in remembered friends and reigning forever.

Hear now, O Soul, the last command of all—
  When thou hast left thine every mortal mark,
And by the road that lies beyond recall
  Won through the desert of the burning dark,
Thou shalt behold within a garden bright
A well, beside a cypress ivory-white.

Still is that well, and in its waters cool
  White, white and windless sleeps that cypress-tree;
Who drinks but once from out her shadowy pool
  Shall thirst no more to all eternity.
Forgetting all, by all forgotten clean,
His soul shall be with that which hath not been.

But thou, tho' thou be trembling with thy dread,
And parched with thy desire more fierce than flame,
Think on the stream wherefrom thy life was fed,
And that diviner fountain whence it came.
Turn thee and cry—behold it is not far—
Unto the hills where living waters are.

"Lord, tho' I lived on Earth, the child of Earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky.
Thou knowest I came not of the shadows' birth,
Let me not die the death that shadows die.
Give me to drink of the sweet spring that leaps
From Memory's fount, wherein no cypress sleeps."

Then shalt thou drink, O Soul, and therewith slake
The immortal longing of thy mortal thirst;
So of thy Father's life shalt thou partake,
And be forever that thou wert at first.
Lost in remembered loves, yet thou more thou
With them shalt reign in never-ending *Now*.

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